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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1925

Charlie Chaplin

BY

ST. JOHN ERVINE

British Labor Speaks Up

Gentlemen and Players

BY

ASHLEY DUKES

The Student Habit

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

November 14, 1925

THE STUDENT HABIT. What does Sir Arthur Keith mean by the term, 'student habit'? Why is it more fully developed in the Orient than in Europe? What are some of the drawbacks to the student habit? How is it possible for a man to tax his brain with long hours of work without contracting brain fever? How is the student habit acquired?

ORIENTAL CARPETS. Locate the following places mentioned in this article: Caspian Sea, Smyrna, Afghanistan, Persia. Under what difficulties is the Oriental rug industry now laboring? Where did rug-weaving originate? What substances are used in the manufacture of Oriental carpets?

THE LABOR SIDE OF IT. Summarize briefly the progress of the British Labor Party in the last twenty-five years. What are some of the conditions it is facing in England now? How does Mr. Cramp describe the fundamental task of his party and how does he state its problem? What does he fear may rob the Labor Party of eventual victory?

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS. In what respects is the actor an amateur; in what respects is he a professional? Amplify Mr. Dukes's statement that 'To be every inch a king is first of all to be every inch an actor.'

TWO ENGLISH VIEWS OF CHAPLIN. Compare Mr. Ervine's view of Chaplin as a comedian who gets his effects by doing ridiculous things seriously with Mr. King's idea of Chaplin as the perfect democratic artist.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the classroom, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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THE LIVING AGE

November 14, 1925

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NEXT WEEK

READING THE ROCKS OF ASIA

By Roy Chapman Andrews and Staff

Reports, given at a Peking reception, of the latest archæological expedition to the land of the dinosaur eggs. With the zeal of the explorer and the technical equipment of the scientist, Mr. Andrews and his associates penetrated the Gobi Desert and the Altai Mountains in the mysterious heart of Asia.

WHY I BECAME PAN-EUROPEAN

By Bronislaw Huberman

Now that the Locarno Pact is sealed, signed, and delivered, the next step may well be a United States of Europe. Most apostles of this cause draw their texts from home, but in this case the appeal was written on the strength of experiences on American soil. The author is a celebrated violinist who urges his folks at home to take at least one leaf out of our book and see for themselves how much better it feels to stand united than to fall untied.

SOVIET STRATEGY IN BULGARIA *By Bela Kelemen*

Every so often, Bulgaria steps, or rather explodes, into the front pages of the papers. Last Spring it was a bomb in Sofia; now it is another war scare. As usual the Bolsheviki are held to account, and as usual they are to blame.

TACNA AND ARICA *By Jackie Deitrick*

Coolidge and Pershing have both figured as arbitrators in the Tacna-Arica boundary dispute between Chile and Peru that Miss Deitrick describes at first hand. The source of all the trouble is two secluded little towns half full of Chilean men and half full of Peruvian women.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *NOVEMBER 14, 1925* — NO. 4245

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PACTS AND POLITICS IN EUROPE

It would be premature to speak of the Locarno Pact as part of the international code of Europe. But the mere fact that it has been approved by the Cabinets of the principal Powers gives it the force of a moral precedent even if it is not immediately ratified or is perverted by subsequent interpretations. Undoubtedly, divergent constructions are already being placed upon its provisions, and they will be the source of more or less future controversy, of which something may be heard when they are laid before the Parliaments of Great Britain, France, and Germany.

All the world knows in substance what the Pact designs to accomplish. It is to give a status of mutual consent to settlements that have hitherto been based on duress. These settlements relate primarily to the Eastern and Western frontiers of Germany. If the Locarno Agreement is ratified, Germany's Western boundaries will be guaranteed by the Great Powers. In the East there will be no such guaranty. The safeguard there against Germany's desire to rectify her frontiers will lie solely in her arbitration treaties with Poland and Czechoslovakia, backed, as far as the compulsion to arbitrate is concerned, by the signatories of the Pact. This limits the risk of war to two possible eventualities — an unprovoked breach of peace by either France or Germany in the Rhineland, or a case in which arbitration by the League of the frontier claims of Poland and Germany, for instance, fails to reconcile the disputants and all parties resume their liberty of action. The surveillance of the Pact is in a general way placed under the jurisdiction of the League, of which Germany will become a member.

Naturally such an important arrangement will not receive unanimous support in any country. Communists and their sympathizers everywhere are against it because it isolates Russia. Chauvinists, militarists, and anti-Leaguers like it no better. A large section of moderate opinion, especially in Great Britain, will accept the obligations it imposes with reluctance. The only country where the question of ratification has produced a political crisis, however, is Germany. There the forces

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of opposition possess considerable strength, and are noisy beyond their strength.

Predictions are dangerous, but as good a guess as any is that the Nationalists will pursue the same tactics that they did when the adoption of the Railway Law under the Dawes Plan was before the Reichstag — that is, declaim against the bill and palm their ballots into the urn for it. If a general election should be precipitated, it is more likely to come through the Parties of the Left, who might win votes as the Pact's supporters. The recent victory of the Communists in the Berlin municipal election indicates nothing as to the sentiment of the country as a whole on international policies.

Approval in France, outside of Communist ranks, is as unanimous as it is unenthusiastic. *Le Temps* says: 'The Pact itself is only a treaty, worth, like any treaty, only what the conscience, good faith, honor, and regard for their word of the signatory Powers make it. Let us not indulge in dangerous illusions on this subject. If the Imperial German Government had known with certainty in 1914 that England would throw her whole weight upon the side of invaded France and Belgium, in all probability she would not have rushed into the terrible adventure in which she engaged. Germany now knows from sad experience that any attempt on her part to change the conditions established by the Treaty of Versailles and to recover by war the territories she has been obliged to surrender to countries from which she had formerly taken them will range against her all the Western nations. . . . This is far from being the organized peace forecast in the Geneva Protocol, but it represents a supreme effort to guarantee peace to the full extent practicable under present political conditions.'

In fact, the French press is far more concerned at the moment with the financial situation at home than with international issues. Neither Locarno nor the wars in Morocco and Syria counted for much in the last Cabinet crisis. The present colonial campaigns, notwithstanding the recent successes in Morocco, are unpopular with the masses. 'The war arouses no sympathies. A strong body of feeling is utterly against it,' writes a Paris correspondent to a British journal. When the whole story of the destruction of a large part of Damascus by a French bombardment is known, there may be an intense revulsion of feeling in France against those responsible for what seems to have been an unpardonable white atrocity. Nor is the Morocco campaign entirely out of the way. Abd-el-Krim has pursued Fabian tactics. He has given ground without undue resistance before superior forces. The rebel tribes in the country occupied by the French have laid down their arms. But such pacification is not to be trusted. It will be a generation at least before the hatreds and native aspirations engendered by the recent fighting are allayed — indeed, they may prove unquenchable.

Altogether, the French people are not in a happy state of mind. The cost of living is rising, incomes from securities, including Government bonds, are falling, and the purchasing power of the stipends of teachers, public servants, pensioners, and rentiers is shrinking. These are conditions that change votes and upset ministries.

*

IMPORTANT MEETINGS IN PEKING

At present writing we know the issues likely to be raised at the Tariff Conference in Peking and the general alignment of the nations represented there, but nothing of the decisions that

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will probably be adopted. This meeting, and the one set for December to discuss extraterritoriality, are extremely important for the United States — perhaps more important in their eventual possibilities than any similar conference held in Europe. In a general way, America and China seem likely to stand together on the important proposals before both bodies — at least closer together than China and any other of the negotiating Powers. Two primary matters are to be settled by the delegates now in session — the extent to which China shall control her own tariff legislation, and the establishment of a Board of Reference to interpret and adjudicate controversies under the Open Door agreement. China demands tariff autonomy — that is, complete freedom to levy such customs duties as she thinks best. Japan, which is vitally interested in the Chinese market, would limit China's control of her tariff to the right to increase the present five-per-cent ad valorem rate to a prescribed maximum of seven and one-half per cent. Furthermore, it is rumored that the Japanese delegates will insist upon provision being made for the repayment of the Nishihara loans forced upon Peking by the somewhat dubious financier of that name at the time of Japan's Twenty-one Demands policy, in pursuance of a plan of subjugating China by financial favors. The Board of Reference was suggested by the British delegation at the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1922, and arranged for in the Nine-Power Treaty then drafted. The first matter to come before such a Board will in all probability be the dispute, between Japan on the one hand and the United States and Peking on the other, over the wireless monopoly in China acquired by the Japanese some time ago and contested by American interests as violating the Open Door agreement. Control of communications, whether wireless or cable, is recognized as one of the most powerful agencies of political penetration and influence that one nation can possess in respect to another. This controversy, therefore, transcends the limits of an ordinary business dispute and covers the whole compass of international rivalry in the Orient.

The Western Powers are expected to sympathize with America in the wireless controversy, but they may share with great reserve any ultraliberal intentions we may have with regard to China's tariff autonomy. Time is working, however, in behalf of our more liberal thesis. If the Peking Government is empowered to raise an adequate national revenue from customs duties, its authority will be strengthened by the possession of material resources to enforce its will throughout the Republic, and a protected home market will encourage a remarkable industrial development within the country. China may thereby become by far the greatest Power in Asia and utterly overshadow Japan. All the press of the Far East, whether published in the native or the European tongues, is athrill with these possibilities.

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CABBAGES AND KINGS COUNTRY

When we withdrew our 'unofficial observer' marines from Nicaragua a few months ago, after keeping them at Managua for thirteen years, that country was supposed to have learned the political conventions of an orderly democracy. It had been divided ever since it attained independence by an interurban rivalry as acrimonious as the ancient jealousies of Minneapolis and St. Paul, which expressed itself in national politics. León, nearer the Pacific Coast, is Liberal, and Granada,

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situated on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, is the traditional stronghold of the Conservatives; while Managua, the capital, lying between the two, is a disputed objective in No Man's Land.

Our marines sailed away last August leaving in power a duly elected Liberal President, supported by a constabulary commanded by an American officer. Now a Conservative aspirant for power wins over an army presumably jealous of the new constabulary, which suffers the handicap of being a Yankee institution, and sets himself up as a new military dictator — a 'panther man' of the type with which Nicaragua has been long familiar. But he is a dictator with a qualification. Washington refuses on principle to recognize revolutionary governments in Latin America. So the judicial fiction is devised of keeping the President in office — a sort of King Pepin controlled by a Mayor of the Palace, or a Mikado under the dictation of the Shogun.

But while men may change, methods remain the same. Witness what a special correspondent of the *Panama Times* saw in Managua three months ago: 'On the third of August I saw the United States Marines march aboard the S.S. Henderson, with the hilarious approval of the greater part of the people of Nicaragua that they were departing never to return. Setting aside the question of whether or not the Marines should have ever come to Nicaragua, I will state that exactly twenty-five days after their departure I witnessed a scene of mob violence, bordering closely upon grim tragedy, such as would never have occurred had the Marines been in the Post they occupied for thirteen years.

'The date was the night of August 28; the scene, the brilliantly lighted and decorated International Club; the occasion, the birthday fiesta of that very capable and well-liked Cabinet member, Dr. Leonardo Arguello, Minister of Public Instruction.

'It was a scene of gayety and splendor. There were "fair women and brave men" — and when I say "fair women" I don't mean maybe. There was "a sound of revelry by night," and all that stuff which helped the Duchess put over with much éclat her historical and off-quoted ball on the eve of Waterloo.

'Came eleven o'clock — and the Wild West, Bill Hart thriller episode Number 13!

'Soldiers with rifles appeared suddenly at the entrances of the Club, and an excited and fervid young man of the Dustin Farnum type took stage centre, brandishing a large, business-like revolver. This young man of forceful personality came for action and other things, and he got most everything he came for! He announced that certain members of the Cabinet were to be arrested and taken to the Loma, the fort which from a high elevation dominates the city of Managua. To emphasize his remarks the young invader fired a number of shots at the ceiling, which, being an exceptional marksman, he hit several times. Women screamed; the men stood dazed and uncertain. It is at this point that grim tragedy was sneaking in close, waiting for an entrance cue; for had some hot-head attempted to grapple with the young invader, and the soldiers started shooting into the closely packed rooms, what was really comic-opera stuff could easily have verged into a drama of horror.

'A few moments of wild pandemonium, and the soldiers departed, taking with them to the fort on the hill the Minister of Hacienda, Dr. Albino Roman y Reyes, one of the most capable and honest officials who ever held that important post.

'What made all this possible, it appears, was the fact that General Alfredo Rivas, Commander of the Loma,

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— and a brother-in-law of the President, — had decided to take matters into his own hands, and do a little selecting of Cabinet members to suit himself. With the coming of morning, he began sending ultimatums, stating that the Minister of Hacienda and Minister of War must be removed, and certain other specified individuals put in their places.

'General Rivas, in the fort overlooking the city, with all the guns, and cannon, and ammunition at his disposal, ruled the roost. The members to which he objected were displaced for the men he named, and the former Minister of Hacienda was given his freedom.

'To-day, martial law rules in Managua. General Rivas has his cannon ready to bombard; he refuses to give up the fort. Meanwhile, Emiliano Chamorro, a former Conservative leader, and a power to be reckoned with, is gathering in close with his forces, ready and waiting to take such action as a propitious moment may offer.'

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AMERICAN TOURISTS AND THE DEBT QUESTION

THE Yankee tourist, if we may trust the observant Rome correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, is partly responsible for the resentment with which the average citizen in the debtor countries receives our invitation to his Government to settle its obligations to us. For example, the Italian who lives in a centre of tourist traffic can well be pardoned, in the opinion of this correspondent, 'if his thoughts on this score are bitter. . . . Every night the great hotels of Rome and Florence pour forth their contingent of bejeweled and besilked Americans into the piazzas and avenues. Utterly careless of the odd dollar or two which represents the Italian professional man's daily earnings, the transatlantic cousin disseminates the impression that his purse is inexhaustible.' *Corriere della Sera* assumes a defiant attitude toward our claims. 'What can America do if we don't pay?' it asks bluntly. 'Refuse us credits? We have hitherto done without them. Keep out our emigrants or our manufactures? She has already exhausted all possibilities of this kind.'

Italy is even more intransigent than France on this subject, because she thinks she got less out of the war. President Wilson tried to prevent her annexing Fiume; the Allies edged her out of Asia Minor and swallowed Germany's colonies. They also turned over the better portions of the Hapsburg Monarchy to rival nations like Yugoslavia, though the people who inhabit these territories had fought in the enemy camp. By this policy they made it impossible for Austria and Hungary to pay Italy the war damages she claims. So Italy is being held liable for obligations incurred in a military enterprise that was, from the economic standpoint at least, a sadly losing venture.

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MINOR NOTES

IN a dispatch to *Le Matin*, Stéfan Lausanne, who visited America with the French Debt Delegation, reports that Colonel House confirmed to him in an interview Lord Grey's account of President Wilson's proposal to join the Allies in 1916 if Germany refused to accept peace on certain conditions outlined. M. Lausanne quotes Colonel House as follows. 'I knew perfectly well that Germany was not ready to make peace early in 1916, because I was in that country and my suggestion was answered by showing me a war map and demanding the annexation of part of France and Belgium. But my proposal in the spring of 1916 was not designed so much to bring about immediate

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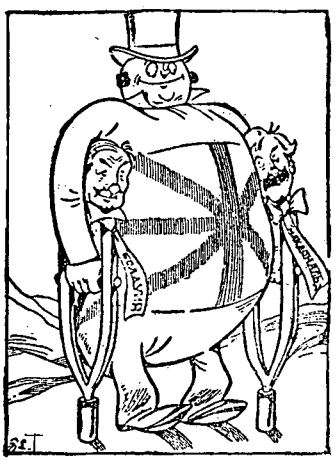
peace, which was then impossible, as to commit America to the cause of the Allies. In fact, in discussing the peace project I offered the Allies to join our forces to theirs. If they had listened to me we should have entered the war sooner, and possibly the war would have ended sooner. But they did not listen to me, or they did not give me a reply. The result was that President Wilson resented the indifference with which his suggestion had been received, and that explains certain of his statements, like his famous question: "Who can tell me the causes of this war?" They were unwilling, in fact, to discuss the objects of the war with him, and how could he know its cause?'

THE Japanese Minister to Poland, in an interview in *Kokumin* given during a furlough in Japan, intimates that neither his country nor Italy will ratify the treaty they signed with Rumania recognizing her annexation of Bessarabia. Commenting upon this, the *Japan Chronicle* concludes that this will cause that instrument to fall through. Both countries are more interested in Russian concessions and Russian trade than they are in doing a gratuitous favor to Rumania. 'So,' concludes the *Chronicle*, 'Italy and Japan did not sign the treaty because they considered that Rumania had a rightful claim to Bessarabia and that such a claim deserved their support, but so as to have a counter to bargain with in making treaties with Russia. In international dealings this sort of thing is called diplomacy, but in private relations it is called blackmail.'

AT a London banquet given by the Chinese students in Great Britain to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of the Chinese Republic, H. G. Wells prophesied that one hundred years from now there would be only three great nations in the world — a United States of Europe, a Great America, and a Great China.

JOHN BULL'S CRUTCHES



Baldwin and MacDonald, twin supports of British Imperialism.
— *Izvestia*, Moscow

DOG-DAY MADNESS

The doctors give up Uncle Sam, suffering from the fixed delusion that he will get back the dollars he lent his friend, Marianne.
— *Kladderadatch*, Berlin

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THE STUDENT HABIT[1]

BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH, M.D.

[We publish below the address delivered by the Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons at the opening of the winter session at King's College Hospital, London.]

Of all the men it has been my fortune to meet in the flesh, Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Cambridge, came nearest to my ideal of the real student and the perfect gentleman. He died in February of the present year, having reached his eighty-ninth year. For seventy of those years he was a professed student, and yet at the end of his term he carried his load of learning with ease and comfort as if it were a garment which had become part of him. He never suffered, so far as one can learn, from that fell disease which so often wrecks the lives of budding students, mental dyspepsia. For his brain managed its affairs as a good woman runs her household; every article admitted to his mind had first to be sampled; when admitted, the right place was found for it; every article admitted had to add to the efficiency and comfort of his mental household; every room had to be furnished and used. And yet at the end of a lifetime of toil — a toil which had been his constant pleasure — he still continued to make additions and alterations to his mental furniture. His mental household, like that of a thoughtful, happy, generous housewife, prospered in that which it gave away. The giving away kept the rooms of his mind sweet and living.

I have cited the example of Clifford Allbutt in order that I may make clear to you what I mean by the 'student habit.' He could sit down by the hour and apply himself with a sense of pleasure to gleaning knowledge from the written or printed page, drinking in and assimilating facts observed or explanations given by men who had toiled in years long gone by. He applied himself with equal ease to the writings of his contemporaries, men who were still toiling in their laboratories or in their wards. The men or women who can acquit themselves thus have acquired the student habit. Of all the struggles men undertake, that which ends in making the brain the willing slave of study is the most arduous. Of all mental habits it is the one most difficult to come by, and the one which is most easily lost.

Many men who are masters of research, who force secrets from Nature by experiment, who prefer to glean their knowledge at first hand and are, I admit, the rarest and highest form of scholars, often despise the habit I wish to extol — the student habit. There have been, and there are, successful medical men who turn aside from books, who leave their medical papers unopened in their wrappers, who prefer to be guided in thought and action by what their fingers have felt and their eyes seen. If by neglecting the student habit they gain something, they also

[1] From the *Lancet* (London medical weekly), *October* 3

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lose much, and it will go ill with their harvest of knowledge if their successors treat them in the same selfish way as they have done their predecessors.

I do not claim for my ideal student, Clifford Allbutt, that he was a pioneer who opened up great new fields of knowledge, but he attains to my ideal because he checked what he saw and what he suspected against the observations and the theories of the great minds that have paved the highways of medicine. Nature had endowed him richly, but he could never have done what he did nor been what he was unless he had acquired the student habit. I speak as an old student of ordinary ability, to young students born into the same happy estate, and I say that the acquisition of the student habit is one of the most valuable assets that a man or woman can carry into any line of life.

At what age Clifford Allbutt acquired the student habit I do not know, but I can assure you that if it came to him by the age of twenty it had come in due time, for with the best of students the twentieth year is in sight before the real purposes of life dawn on their minds. Nor do I know of the struggles which he went through before the habit of study became his second nature, — such biographical details are usually overlooked, — but I am certain that, even in his case, there had been a struggle, for of all human habits that of the student is the most unnatural and the most forced; it is a hothouse plant which can thrive only when enclosed in the glasshouses of the highest civilizations.

The student habit is comparatively new among the peoples of Northwestern Europe. A thousand years ago our British forbears, although rich in the knowledge of life, were in the full meaning of the term illiterate; for many thousands of years their forefathers had been hunters, fishers, crofters, and livers in the open air, drinking in traditional knowledge by word of mouth. The peoples of Western Europe produce the highest form of students the world now has, and yet the student habit is for them a recent importation.

It was otherwise in the East. Six thousand years ago, perhaps eight thousand years ago, young men in Babylonia and Egypt were acquiring the student habit; it began as soon as the human mind conceived that knowledge could be inscribed on stone or brick. With that discovery was instituted the student habit. If there is aught of truth in the inheritance of acquired faculties, it is from the people of the East that we should get our finest scholars; they come of long lines of descent in which study has been endemic for countless generations. It is true that among the peoples of the East, from Egypt to China, we do often find those who have a marvelous facility to memorize the written or printed page, and yet among them the Clifford Allbutt type of scholar is rare, almost unknown — the scholar who assimilates what he reads and makes his learning a part of his manhood. Learning thrives in Western Europe just because it has fallen on a strong and virgin soil, one which has not been wasted by the exhausting crops of a long-continued literate civilization. We have still in us the virility and the energy that are inherent in men and women bred for life in the open air.

It is because you and I have the aptitudes and instincts of our primitive forefathers so strong within us that we find it needs an effort — an internal struggle — to settle ourselves to our books of an evening. Our difficulties are even greater when the sun shines and a longing for the open country stirs our blood; it is then that we have to strug-

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gle with the original Adam which is present to a greater or lesser degree in the hearts of all of us.

English teachers, beyond those of any other country, have recognized the needs of those primitive faculties which well up in the breasts of scholars young and old. We encourage play and sports of all kinds in our schools and universities in order that the inheritance which has come down to us from savage ancestors may find vent in exercise. Golf is one means of allaying the beast; walking another. It is so difficult for the modern student to weld the needs of our present-day life to his inborn predilections. There are cards, billiards, and theatres ever ready to tempt the unwary student from his stool. For if study is to prosper, is to become a second nature, we have to make sacrifices; dances, festivities, and pleasant company have to be kept within the bounds of moderation. To dance, to sing or play, to feast, to gossip, are the outlets of the natural man; ever since our distant ancestors emerged from the jungle these instinctive outlets for enjoyment have been clung to and cultivated; they have come down to us in an undiminished vigor. Before the student habit can be acquired they have to be — not vanquished or eliminated, but disciplined. That is why it is so difficult to become a real student.

You will not be a student for many years before the most natural of all human appetites begins to give you concern. Among the prerogatives of life we count the enjoyment of food; we expect to eat with relish and to enjoy the results of repletion. We are not quite certain what our brain cells live on, but we do know that they need very little to do the heaviest work we throw on them; the energy in an ounce of sugar would be enough, I suspect, to produce any of Shakespeare's plays, if it found its way to a brain gifted as his was. Every one of us has been given the appetite, not of the brain-worker, but of the muscle-user. The professional student, in his earlier years, expects to satisfy his appetite just as fully as if he were using his muscles all day in the open air, and sooner or later his stomach has to pay the price of his acquired habit of study.

Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer suffered from this 'student's disease.' It is true all were moderate eaters and yet their stomachs were in a state of continual upset and rebellion. Nevertheless, they all lived to a ripe age. Modern physiology has given the stomach a secondary place in the hierarchy of bodily organs. And yet somehow, as students know to their cost, sooner or later, brain and stomach react furiously upon each other. It is true that we do come across eminent students who have the physique, complexion, and appetite of yeomen. They are exceptions and should count themselves fortunate. Most of us who take to habitual study have to pay the price, and the more we give our stomachs to do the higher is the price we have to pay. To become a real student you have to be prepared to make sacrifices. For your encouragement I would say this — that I know of no student who would exchange a regulated brain for the healthy appetite of the mental sluggard.

Many of us, perhaps most of us, have grown up under the belief that it is a natural thing for young men and women to give themselves to study. It is only when we approach the problem of the acquisition of the student habit from the long-range historical point of view that we see how foreign the habit is to our nature and how recently the need for it has arisen. Some can claim that their family has produced scholars, learned men and women, for many

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generations; such are the exception rather than the rule. The majority of eminent scholars have no scholarly lineage. They come from highland glens, Welsh hillsides, English country villages, the first of their kind, so far as they can tell, who ever devoted their lives to the cause of learning. There must be throughout the length and breadth of our land immense and virgin fields of untapped scholarly talent.

I am not speaking now of those rarely gifted minds that can imagine things that are new and true, that know the way to make Nature yield up her deepest secrets or discover how to harness new forms of energy for man's benefit, but of the rank and file which make up the learned army of a country. To join that army every recruit must learn the student step — the habit of study. It may at first sight seem surprising that there should be such an abundance of potential students in a population of manual laborers. But when one looks into the quality, which is needed above all others to make a man a master-student, it is no longer surprising, for we see that the essential qualification is a power of steady application in any line of endeavor whatsoever. The potential student must have method and foresight as well.

When the modern student compares his outfit of brain with that which was given to his ancestor in remote times he meets with another surprise. The men who lived in Europe twenty thousand years ago were just as well equipped as he is as far as concerns size and form of brain. What did those ancient hunters do with so big a brain? They had no professional examinations to pass, no briefs to master, no leaders to write, no mathematical problems to solve, no ancient classics to translate, no sermons to prepare and preach. If brains were given to us merely for such purposes, then those ancient hunters had somehow come by a superfluity. Brains, however, serve the needs of much more than the intellectual side of our lives; beneath the intellectual centres lie a myriad of others which subserve more menial duties — by the exercise of which we fill the cup of life's enjoyment.

But even this explanation is but partial; the full explanation lies much deeper and has to be sought in a strange law which regulates the construction of all living structures. All such structures have been framed on the rule which provides a large margin or factor of safety. All our organs — our hearts, our lungs, our stomachs, and our brains — have been built to meet, not the daily routine of life, but emergencies which occur only at critical junctures. The heart on an occasion can rise to ten times its usual output; the lungs, if pressed, can do nearly as well. As for the stomach, the less said the better; modern civilization tends to throw an unfair burden on it. But as for the brain, the factor-of-safety law holds good; we have, and our ancestors had, about ten times more than ordinary occasions require; our superfluity was given us for emergency. It is just this emergency ration that the modern scholar has to depend on, and there are few, if any, of us who use this extra allowance to its full capacity. You may study to the utmost limit of your endurance, and by the mere act of study you may rest assured that you will do your brain no injury. Infinitely greater harm is done by misuse and disuse of the brain than by overuse.

Let me make certain that you realize that the brains I am speaking of are not those of children; to push education upon an immature brain is cruelty; I am speaking of the mature brain, the state reached by most of us about the nineteenth year; it is then that the

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brain cells have come to their complete outfit and connections. By habitual study you may overtax your physical endurance. You may damage your bodies if you neglect to exercise them, but you certainly will not damage your brain. You will never succeed in using your brain up to its full capacity. At the age of seventy-four James Watt acquired a knowledge of German, and at sixty-four Goethe, the German, mastered several Oriental languages. For my own part I use sleep as my barometer; when I begin to find that sleep comes to me with sluggard steps, or if there is a tendency for my mind to 'race' when I lie down, I slack off. There is no greater nonsense talked than that brain work may bring on 'brain fever.'

I have been speaking to you about the student habit — seeking to explain why it is so difficult to acquire, but I have said nothing about how it is to be attained. There is nothing to be said; no one can teach it you; there is no royal and no easy road. Each one has to come by it for himself or herself by self-effort and by self-application. Nor have I said anything about a matter which every student soon discovers. Our brains have moods and tempers; like horses or the engines of motor-cars, they have to 'warm up' before they will run smoothly and easily. The start is always the most difficult phase to manage. And often we are uncertain, when our brains start sluggishly, whether pressure will warm them up to study pitch or whether it is wiser to lay science or stiff reading aside and take to fiction. The healing power of a debauch of fiction is often marvelous in its results. The best brains are not like cart horses which will do a turn at any hour; like race horses they have their times off and times on. Therein each student is a law unto himself.

If I have been speaking to you who have still examinations to face, I have also in mind those happier men and women who have left such ordeals behind them. Sooner or later they will discover that the student habit, which is gained only by great and continuous effort, is soon and easily lost if not exercised. And they will also discover, as I found to my cost, that it is terribly difficult to get it back again. The medical man or woman who has lost the student habit has become but a camp-follower in the great professional army to which we should all belong and in the activities of which we should all take a part if medicine is to prosper.

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ORIENTAL CARPETS[1]

BY A KABUL CORRESPONDENT

ORIENTAL carpets, with their brilliant colors and manifold patterns, are products of the fervid Oriental fancy, particularly of the nomadic tribes that live close to Nature and copy her in their art. We know very little about the history of Oriental carpet-weaving and -knotting, except that it antedates the birth of Mohammedanism. The Persian Sassanidæ rulers of the sixth century already possessed such carpets, like the one from the White Palace of King Chosroes at Ctesiphon.

Nevertheless, Islam, with its stern prohibition of all images and pictures, doubtless concentrated and strengthened artistic expression in this particular field. It encouraged the symbolical representation of Nature in carpet-weaving and -knotting. These patterns gradually became conventionalized in different forms among different tribes and races. Some developed designs following closely their natural models; others turned to purely geometrical forms. The latter are found principally among tribes that originally had a strong infusion of Mongolian blood, while the Aryan races kept to conventionalized flowers and vines and, at an earlier period, to animal figures.

Such an intermingling and overlapping of races, tribes, and peoples has been going on in Eastern Asia, however, ever since the first century of our era that except for a few remote mountain-valleys no pure-bred stocks remain. This mongrelization has influenced carpet patterns and often makes it very difficult to place the exact locality in which a particular specimen originated.

None the less, in the course of centuries the different nomadic tribes, whether pure-bred or not, created their peculiar designs — designs that they have clung to for hundreds of years with the loyalty to tradition that characterizes the Oriental. As recently as the middle of the last century experts were able to trace the migrations and relationships of some of these nomadic tribes by their carpet patterns. But to-day so many new influences have been at work destroying the habits and customs of ages that conclusions from such data are no longer reliable. The influence of European traders has been most disastrous. With the opening up of the country to commerce and the rapid interchange of products, European fashions calling for certain designs, colors, sizes, and material have induced the natives to abandon their own ways of carpet-weaving for those of other districts. For example, you can order in Smyrna to-day carpets manufactured in the Persian fashion, and in Persia or India carpets with Caucasian patterns.

These carpets have also suffered from mass production. Even in the remotest corners of Asia the wonderful brilliant, deep, genuine vegetable colors are often replaced by harsh, quickly fading cheaper dyes of European origin. Diminutive flower-patterns that are properly employed only when the very finest wool is used are imitated in

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily, British Occupied Territory), *September* 22

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coarser wools and therefore lose their peculiar quality.

This demoralization of an ancient and artistic industry has been further aggravated by the incredible confusion that prevails among European carpet-dealers in the matter of designating the sources of their goods. Names of popular varieties, like Smyrnas and Persians, are given to carpets from entirely different sources; or the name of the distributing point conceals the true place of origin. One frequently finds in the best European carpet-stores genuine Turkomans designated as Afghan or Baluchistan rugs, Bokhara carpets called Turkomans, Caucasian Shirvan carpets tagged as Persians, and Kurd carpets offered as Anatolians.

Yet the situation is not much better in the country where carpets are made. Dealers take little interest in ascertaining where a particular specimen was produced. They designate its source according to the demand of the European market. When, for example, Persian and Merv carpets are all the vogue, every Turkoman in Afghanistan will be tendered as a *Mauri*, — that is, a Merv, — and any carpet with bright and brilliant colors will be labeled a Persian. Not long ago I myself was offered a carpet that had drifted down to Afghanistan from a Russian carpet factory, as 'a Persian carpet from Kashgar.' The good dealer who tried to sell it to me did not trouble himself over the trifling facts that Kashgar is not in Persia but in Chinese Turkestan, that the carpet was machine-woven and not hand-woven, and that the pattern was neither Persian nor Chinese.

Carpet-weaving and -knotting originated, as we have said, among the nomads before the art was introduced into the towns. At first they were practised by women and children. The wandering herdsman who drove his flocks through the wilderness and slept on the bare ground under his tent admired the brilliant carpet of blossoms that covered the steppe for a few weeks every spring, forming a wonderful but short-lived mosaic that soon vanished under the summer sun and changed to withered weeds and dust. No other vision of color ever relieved the monotonous landscape, which was at all other times either brown and arid or else white with snow. This short season of flowers is still the one bright episode in the imaginative life of the people who wander over the great plains of Asia. A wish to perpetuate it, to have it about them in days of drought and dust and of frost and snow, led these people to adorn with bright-colored threads, dyed with decoctions of the desert plants around them, the miserable mats with which they carpeted their black camel's-hair tents. Thus was the carpet born.

Very gradually the art developed. First reed matting was replaced with a woolen fabric, and thus the woven carpet, or *gilim*, came into being. Later bright-colored yarns were drawn through the interstices between the warp and woof and knotted, forming the so-called 'nap,' which was cut smooth with shears, and completely covered the ground fabric beneath. That formed the pile carpet — the carpet that we know to-day in Europe. The number of knots in a given area determines the market value of the carpet, as well as its durability. Most of those sold by Oriental dealers have from six hundred to a thousand knots for every one hundred square centimetres of surface. The number rises to between two and three thousand in the more valuable Bokharas and Turkomans, and in case of certain rare varieties of Persians, for instance the Sennes from Persian Turkestan, to from three to five thousand. The value of a carpet also depends on the wealth and elaborateness of its pattern and the beauty,

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brilliance, and genuineness of its colors. The fineness of the wool, mostly from sheep, camels, or goats, also plays a part. Indigo is usually employed for dark-blue shades, saffron for yellow, and cochineal for red; but dye recipes are carefully guarded secrets. Very bright colors, like the orange-yellow in Caucasian rugs, and a very common loud brick-red in Turkomans, — sometimes seen also in Afghanistans, — indicate that aniline dyes were used.

Different districts have favorite colors that are used with exceptional skill in that particular locality. Such, for instance, is the rich cream employed in Northwestern Persia, the dull brownish-red of the Turkoman steppes, a violet peculiar to the native district of the Yomut carpets on the southeastern corner of the Caspian Sea, and the silky blue typical of Southern Persia. It is striking how often the carpets of a particular region reproduce the characteristic tones of the local landscape. The dull brown-red of the sunburned Turkoman steppes reappears in the carpets woven by the people who dwell upon them. The brilliant hues of Caucasian carpets remind one of the moist flower-strewn turf of the well-watered valleys between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The variegated, colorful gilims recall the fertile river oases of Afghanistan; while the darker, stone-colored gilims, with their tiny scattered white-flower patterns, come from the barren mountains of the interior, the Mongolian Hesareh country, where little white asters grow here and there far apart upon the gravelly plateaus. So all these designs and shades suggest the land of their origin to those who can read them aright. Some repeat the little tulip and lily blossoms of the lower-steppe flora, with their wealth of a thousand colors. Others suggest the monotony of lofty flowerless tablelands. The hard, rough-textured gilim resembles an upland pasture with its coarse, scrubby, sparse vegetation. The bright, soft, resilient pile-carpet symbolizes luxuriant lowland meadows where the hoofs of a galloping horse make hardly a sound.

Arabian writers of the Middle Ages have described in all the glowing colors of the Oriental imagination the famous 'winter carpet' of the Persian Sassanidæ king Chosroes I. Its purpose was to make the monarch forget the absence of his flower garden during the cold winter months. At that time his garden parties were given on this carpet, whose pattern reproduced beds of spring blossoms, murmuring brooks, winding paths, and verdant foliage. We have carpets of a later period that still follow closely this garden design with brooks, trees, blossoms, flower beds, and paths. They give us a glimpse into the origin of such carpets. The city dweller felt the same longing as did the nomad of the steppes for the return of spring. He tried to perpetuate that brief fairylike season, to keep it constantly with him. So it is not strange that the highly civilized Persians of the Middle Ages gradually improved the art of making these fabrics until they became real miracles of craftsmanship and have left marks of their influence upon all subsequent designs. Such carpets illustrate the fact that the culmination of art synchronizes with the apogee of a civilization.

But while in Persia the cities thus became the great centres of artistic carpet-weaving, the nomads continued to be the chief practisers of this art in Eastern Iran, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and Western Turkestan. That was largely because those districts were so poorly endowed by Nature. They were ravaged by constant warfare and overrun by successive invasions. Their people never settled down

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or developed a high culture. Nomads have roamed those lands for centuries just as they do to-day.

Afghanistan has therefore brought forth no characteristic type of carpet worthy of the name. Its products belong to the great ill-defined group of Central Asiatic carpets whose chief type is the Turkoman. North of the Hindu Kush they exhibit almost universally the typical geometrical patterns of the Turkoman carpet, in which octagons upon red or reddish-brown grounds and straight lines predominate. The knotting is mostly coarse and loose, running from six hundred to fifteen hundred per one hundred square centimetres. Some districts within this area have produced definite local patterns. For example, ancient Bactria, which is to-day Afghan Turkestan, has created the so-called elephant-foot design, which really represents a three-leafed clover in black or blue upon a red ground within an octagon. A deep-blue paniculate design on a red ground, and an iridescent brownish-red pattern with somewhat brighter overlapping asters and rosettes, are typical of the Herat region. We also find there many H- and K-formed figures within octagons. Occasionally one sees the terraced-pyramid design in pile carpets, but these are always in the darker Turkoman colors. The same pattern, however, is typical and very common in the beautiful many-colored gilims. The finest Afghan gilims are from Kandahar. They have green and yellow stripes with rosettes and stars upon a reddish-brown ground, and perhaps betray Persian influence. One finds similar designs in the woven Sumacs of the Eastern Caucasus. Southern Afghanistan produces relatively more gilims, and Northern Afghanistan more pile carpets. The latter are rarely made south of the Hindu Kush, and are brought to Kabul from the north.

Afghanistan's chief carpet-markets are Massar-i-Sherif, and particularly Herat. But the so-called Herat carpets of European commerce do not come from this region, but from the old home of the Parthians, the district of Chorassan in Northeastern Persia; just as the Afghan carpets of commerce seldom come from Afghanistan, but almost entirely from Russian Turkestan. Sabzawar carpets also have a certain reputation, and Sabzawar, which is three days' journey south of Herat, is supposed abroad to be an important carpet market. I know the town well. Its bazaar consists of a few miserable tumble-down mud huts, and it would be difficult to find a single carpet in them. Presumably the name survives because of the town's ancient reputation when it was a market centre for Herat and Turkoman carpets sold to caravans from Eastern Persia.

I should also mention Baluchistan carpets, which generally have a very long nap, and fall into three classes: a natural camel-color or yellowish ground with the Tree of Life — a pomegranate; an acanthus-leaf pattern; and those having a dark reddish-brown body with stars, rosettes, and frequently splashes of unpatterned white in the border. It is impossible to say whether such specimens come from Baluchistan or are made by nomadic Baluchistan tribes in Afghanistan.

Turkoman carpets imported from Turkestan really hold the centre of the picture. The principal export centre for the best of these, the Tekke-Turkomans, is the oasis of Merv in Russian Turkestan. Besides Turkestan carpets, we often receive substantial Khiva carpets, with their typical spiral or swastika patterns, and well-knotted Bokhara specimens with crowfoot patterns in an octagon.

I have confined this short description to the carpets of Central Asia, because

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Anatolian, Persian, and Caucasian carpets exhibit such a variety of patterns and colors that it is practically impossible to give an intelligible account of them without pictures. The Arabian nomads, the Bedouins, differ from almost all the other Semetic or Oriental races in not possessing this art. It is very rare for Persian carpets to be imported to Afghanistan, for the caravan routes are bad, and it is easier to ship them from East Persia to the West than to the East. Whenever a real Persian *Irani* turns up at Kabul an impossible price is asked for it; and all carpets cost much more in that city than they do in the northern distributing centres.

THE LABOR SIDE OF IT[1]

BY C. T. CRAMP

[We print below significant paragraphs from the opening address of the Chairman of the British Labor Party delivered at the annual meeting of that body in Liverpool on September 29. Mr. Cramp is Industrial Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen.]

Political history furnishes no parallel to the amazing growth of the Labor Party, within the short period of twenty-five years, from less than half a million members to nearly three and one-quarter millions. More remarkable still has been the increase in the Labor vote in general elections. Since the Party was founded in 1900 we have fought eight general elections. Our aggregate vote in the first, a few months after the Party came into existence, was 75,500; at the last election it was 5,487,620; the Labor vote actually doubled between 1918 and 1924.

But our rapid progress, as measured by these impressive figures, should not blind us to the fact that we have enormous obstacles to overcome before we can hope to attain the ends we have in view as a political party. Not only the inertia of mass opinion, the active hostility of vested interests, the deep-seated prejudices created by class antagonisms, but the concentration of economic and financial power and the interlocking of capitalist control, as well as the malignant efforts of the newspapers owned by millionaires to debauch the public mind, constitute a formidable barrier to our advance. Our experiences as a Party and as a Government have taught us that we must expect a resolute, unscrupulous, and skillfully organized resistance from those sections of society whose possessions, privileges, and powers are threatened. I do not believe we shall succeed in overcoming this resistance more easily or more quickly by another method than the one we have hitherto adopted. I hope I shall not be misunderstood in saying that our fundamental task, as I conceive it, is not to wage war against the individuals of any class, but to conquer the circumstances that give rise to class warfare.

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily) and the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *September* 30

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Nobody can deny the existence of class conflict. The clash of interests between classes produced by the development of modern capitalism is one of the cardinal facts of our social and economic life. While our civilization itself bears witness to the truth that social organization depends upon associated labor, upon the coöperation of the workers by hand and brain in the production and distribution of wealth, yet society is rent and torn with the strife of classes under the capitalist order, poisoned with the hatreds and jealousies generated by economic antagonisms, weakened and impoverished by its inability to abolish class interests, and by its failure to unite the classes in the production of necessary wealth.

Such conditions cannot be changed by the substitution of one form of class domination by another. Neither speeches on the one hand nor bayonets, bombs, or bullets on the other are effective weapons against the conditions created by the economic subjection and exploitation of one class by another. Labor's effort, politically and industrially, must of necessity recognize the fact of class warfare, and does recognize it. The very existence of an independent political party of the workers, like the existence of the great trade-unions, can mean nothing else than that the producing class has recognized the need of organizing for its own protection and for the destruction of the system which keeps the producers in subjection to an exploiting and profiteering class.

But our fundamental task is a creative one. We are not seeking simply to wrest control from the class that exercises it to-day in its own narrow and selfish interests. We are engaged in a positive effort to bring the coöperative commonwealth into being, and we appeal for the support of all classes in the work of transforming social and economic institutions by Parliamentary methods. In our practice as a political party we do actually transcend the conflict of classes; we direct our energies to constructive work and ask for the coöperation of all classes. Conditions have produced the classes, and our aim is by changing the conditions to abolish class privileges, to raise the status of the whole people, and to put an end to the waste, the cruelty, the suffering, the destitution, the dirt, and the disease resulting from the unequal distribution of the wealth won by human toil.

But while we have been intent upon the conquest of power a new and tremendous problem has been growing up. In the conflict of classes its appearance has been almost unnoticed. The problem has been stated as this: How, in a post-war world, no longer clamoring for our goods, can we feed and maintain our population in a manner consistent with twentieth-century standards? It is folly to imagine that a refusal to face this problem will cause it to disappear. Captains of industry, even though aided by capitalist governments, have failed to justify their title. The workers must succeed where they have failed, otherwise it would seem that civilization in this country is doomed. But we shall not succeed unless we both think and work hard to avert calamity.

Glib phrases about a Workers' State or mere denunciation of the capitalist system minus any constructive proposals simply shirk the question, and may ultimately bring retribution from a disillusioned people. It will avail us little to conquer a waste land; to succeed to a heritage of silent and decaying factories would be but a barren victory, and the color of a flag will be of no importance as compared with the condition of the people over whom it floats.

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We are striving to establish through the instrumentality of the League of Nations the principle of arbitration in international disputes, and of conciliation in those differences to which arbitration cannot be applied. There is no hope at all of organizing the world for peace, as it has been in the past organized and prepared for war, unless we can, by methods of international agreement and understanding, establish the principle of mutual guaranties of security and compulsory arbitration, and thereby banish war as a method of settling differences. Those who challenge this policy of ours do not challenge it because they have found an easier and safer path for the peoples to tread on the long and weary journey to peace, security, and happiness. The road upon which they would lead the international proletariat ends in a shambles; the peace they would achieve by their policy of world revolution and armed dictatorship is a peace of utter desolation and universal ruin.

Let us be on our guard against those policies which profess to serve the interests of the international proletariat, but which, in reality, would lead the workers once more to slaughter one another in the name of brotherhood and freedom. Some aspects of these deceptive policies are peculiarly dangerous and profoundly disruptive in their intention and purpose. Here I would put the plain question to those who use the word revolution lightly and, I fear, loosely. What do you mean by the word? None of us has any right to befog the minds of his fellow workers by speaking in vague terms. We have no right to play with the lives of working men and women, and therefore if it be felt that our policy should be to arm, to drill, and to enter on physical warfare, then let that policy be put openly to Labor and let us ascertain the desire of the majority upon it. (*Cheers*)

There are many of us whose connection with key industries has brought, and may bring us again, into collision with governments as well as employers. If that time comes we shall be with the organized workers whatever may be the path they follow, but our duty to them demands that they clearly understand the course on which they embark. Revolution cannot be an aim in itself. To be justified it must at least fulfill two requirements: it must increase material well-being, and it must bestow perfect freedom of thought and expression. Will a revolution of force accomplish this? I do not see how it can do so. I believe the position of those who would apply methods of force to the affairs of this highly developed capitalist State, with its huge population and its present inability to feed its people, is a position very much the reverse of advanced, is, in fact, about one hundred years behind the times, and should be scrapped as antiquated and out of date. (*Cheers*)

We stand to-day at the parting of the ways. Influences have been at work in our movement that have confused and divided our people. Our ablest, our most sincere and gifted, leaders have been the target of malignant criticism, our policy has been deflected by subtle and crafty methods, by intrigues by people who aim at the disruption of the movement which has been built up by loyal and self-sacrificing men and women. We should be false to the pioneers of this great movement, we should betray the sacrifices of the workers who have created this movement, we should dishonor the ideals which have inspired this movement, if we failed to-day to reaffirm the creative democratic principles in which we believe, and to repudiate the barren and destructive policies which a tiny minority has tried to force us to accept.

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Is the organized democracy of this land still faithful to the belief that by patient constructive work in Parliament and by the conversion of the people to the principles of democracy it is possible to transform society, without bloodshed and without violence, to bring the coöperative commonwealth into being and to put an end to the waste and cruelty, the misery and suffering of the people under capitalist conditions? That is the question that the conference is called upon to answer. We have the opportunity this week to give the lie to the charge that the British Labor movement is moving on the path that leads to a destructive upheaval of society, to armed revolution, to the slaughter of men and women in insurrectionary outbreaks.

And now a word of warning. Let the possessing classes beware of the consequences of destroying the faith of organized democracy in the possibility of a peaceable transition from Capitalism to Socialism; let them beware of driving a wedge between the politically and industrially organized movements by undermining the confidence of the workers in the utility of political and parliamentary methods. A terrible responsibility lies upon ministers who have dealings with the workers' representatives and who do not scruple to trick and deceive the workers' leaders in industrial negotiations. A still more onerous responsibility lies upon the newspapers that mock and deride the efforts of the workers to improve their conditions. That is the way to evoke class warfare of a destructive and disastrous kind. We set our face steadfastly against the attempt to divide our movement from within, and we will not suffer the enemy without to break the unity of the political and industrial front that has been established. The future is ours if we are loyal to the spirit and the ideals that brought the movement into existence. Nothing but our own dissensions can rob us of the victory that lies within our grasp. (*Cheers*)

OUR FANTASTIC ECONOMICS[1]

BY SIR JOSIAH STAMP

[THE author possesses two qualifications for discoursing on his present theme. He is one of the leading economists of Great Britain, where he has been a lecturer and examiner in statistics and economics, and he is one of the most prominent industrialists in the country. His books on economics are standard works in their particular field.]

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *September* 27

SOME publicists in the United States look to foreign markets to take up the difference between their output of manufactures and their total capacity — a margin estimated at £3,000,000,000, or an increase in their total foreign trade of forty per cent, *without any corresponding increase in imports*. This solution is expressed briefly: keep up tariffs; lend the 'repayments' to Germany and restore her capacity; let the United States be the disburser of

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credit to the world. 'We might advance annually $625,000,000 (nearly £130,000,000), which is about what might, in the most favorable circumstances, be paid to us under the full settlement of international indebtedness' (Rufus Dawes). America, in advance of the full blast of repayment, has recently been lending abroad at the rate of nearly £200,000,000 per annum, and the total foreign investment (apart from Interallied debts) is over £1,000,000,000 on balance, after allowing for foreigners' holdings in the States.

Let it be supposed that the *existing* annual export surplus (which American manufacturers count on being at least maintained), together with the annual 'payments' for principal and interest from England, France, Italy, and Belgium, amounted to only £130,000,000, and that this sum is left abroad as foreign investment. There will soon be a material 'roll up' of interest — and compound interest — which must, to conform to this solution, equally be left abroad. In this way the United States will have a continually increasing annual foreign investment, and will go on piling it up, never, as a country, taking the benefit of it in the sense of a physical return of the world's produce, but only as figures of ownership in her Federal and individual ledgers. In the twentieth year from now the resulting foreign investment must then be approximately £325,000,000 in the year *without any extension of her foreign trade*, and her aggregate foreign investments will have increased by £4,300,000,000 above their present total. In thirty years' time the annual investment abroad will be £535,000,000, and the total will be increased by £8,600,000,000, and in fifty years — still some time short of the period for settlement of debts — the foreign investment will be over £1,400,000,000 a year, and the total increased to £27,000,000,000.

It must be recognized that any idea of maintaining the *existing* savings of individuals in the United States for investment abroad at their present figures would materially increase these figures. It will be remembered that in our own long history of foreign investment we had accumulated £4,000,000,000 abroad before the war, and were investing abroad each year the interest on this sum — namely, about £200,000,000 per annum. Germany had accumulated probably £1,000,000,000 before the war. These comparisons will serve to show the magnitude of the figures which are involved by the 'solution' put forward by the strong tariff supporters in the United States.

One is bound to ask the question: How long will a nation go on piling up foreign investments, and never take any reward for it except a sense of ownership and figures in a ledger? The editor of the *New Republic* said: 'We cannot, like the British, take payment in the form of food and raw materials alone. . . . If we do not take payment in imports we shall go on heaping up our foreign capital and leaving a still more serious problem for the future.' Now the figures of ultimate foreign investment given above are similar in magnitude to the whole national wealth of other Great Powers — nearly as great as the pre-war national wealth of France and Germany taken together.

To what quarters in the world will this vast sum mainly go? Current American literature speaks chiefly of credits to Germany and of restoring her economic capacity. Suppose that one half of the sum available remains as credits to Germany, then in thirty years the American investments in Germany will amount to some £4,300,000,000, which might well be over

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twenty per cent of the total wealth of the country. It is financially impossible for a sum of this magnitude to be on the footing which the word 'credit' usually implies — that of loans withdrawable at will with comparatively short notice. It is bound to find its way mainly into fixed assets and long-period investments. At a rough speculation I should think that two thirds of it would be represented by the value of new assets in Germany, the normal expansion of that country's wealth thus passing regularly into American ownership, and the other third would represent an American mortgage upon present assets in Germany.

A considerable part of the total American investment would, of course, be spread over other parts of the world, but the above proportion assigned to Germany is not fantastic in view of the problems which surround 'transfers' from Germany against a world of tariffs, and the fact that Germany is to be the provider of the main part of the transfer of wealth, represented by the annual 'payment,' and compound interest thereon, by which America is to be enriched. But so long as America demands to have an export surplus, America is only nominally or notionally enriched by it, and Germany is only nominally or notionally unpoverished, for Germany will be entitled to consume all she produces provided she puts it all 'on the slate,' and acknowledges an indefinite indebtedness dischargeable at the crack of doom!

If the economics of the solution in the long run were not fantastic the political prospect might arrest us. The Dawes Plan said: —

'If the payments by Germany in the long run exceed the sums that can thus be transferred by deliveries or by the purchase of foreign currencies, they will, of course, begin to accumulate. . . . Up to a certain point, in normal circumstances not exceeding £100,000,000 sterling, these accumulations will form part of the short-money operations of the bank. Beyond this point the Transfer Committee will find employment for such funds in bonds or loans in Germany . . . but for *economic and political reasons* an unlimited accumulation in this form is not contemplated. We recommend that a limit of £250,000,000 be placed upon all funds accumulating in the hands of the reparation creditors in Germany.'

Is it possible for the 'solution' of a perpetual export surplus for the United States to be achieved without Germany becoming their economic appanage? Is it really a solution for more than a few years? The problem of squaring the circle, lying for centuries alongside black magic, is now the daily preoccupation of international politics. The longer American industrial conditions become fixed by relation to the production of a regular export surplus, the more severely will she feel the change over to a large balance of imports when that inevitable day arrives.

The wiser heads realize that there must be a limit of time to this 'credit' solution, and speak of all this indebtedness being 'liquidated' in about twenty years. But the problem of the reversal of an export surplus at that date, and the receipt of the debt annuities for another forty years, plus another £300,000,000 of annual interest, all in the form of imported goods, may be even more formidable then than the smaller problem is to-day.

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IN UNEXPLORED KARAKORAM. III[1]

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

An explorer is subject to changing moods. Early dawn on a frosty morning is likely to trouble his peace of mind with disturbing memories of civilization — of a comfortable sleeping-room instead of his narrow dog-tent, of a real bath with hot and cold water, of the postman with letters and newspapers, and, last but not least, of the welcome aroma of a fragrant breakfast.

It is not wise to indulge in such seductive memories. They make the skimpy supply of water in the greasy washbasin still less inviting, and rob the dry crust called breakfast of its relish.

At all other times, however, your true explorer is the happiest of men. Even the blackest clouds have a silvery lining for him. Nothing dampens his enthusiasm, relaxes his energy, diminishes his enjoyment.

It was in this normal, cheerful, and expectant mood that we broke camp at Kuksel on the morning of June 29. For just ahead of us, beyond the pass, lay a second mysterious valley even more intriguing than the valley of the Khunjerab, for no European had hitherto set foot in the Ghujerab country or in any of its tributary valleys.

Our way led along the barren, stony bed of the glacier stream, and then up upon the glacier. In the Alps we should have reckoned the distance to the pass, which was distinctly visible ahead of us, at half an hour's journey; but, amid these huge, massive mountains, distances are immeasurably greater than they seem. We took almost three hours to reach the glacier itself, and another hour's march over the ice and up the last steep snow-bank was necessary before we clambered over the edge of the gently rolling lofty plateau at the summit. During our ascent one glittering peak after another became visible until at last a marvelous panorama greeted us — a fantastic world of mighty precipices and glistening ice and snow. The Ghujerab Mountains lifted their snowcapped summits proudly in the foreground; between them towered the higher peaks of the Shimshal; while, in the blue distances beyond, the giants of the Karakoram looked down upon us with serene grandeur.

Far below we could see the silvery river of the glacier stream winding through the valley.

In order to get a more complete view, I climbed a little pinnacle about five hundred feet high at one side of the pass. The effort was well repaid, for from this vantage-point the eye could sweep over the entire mountain-region that we had left behind us, and the one beyond, toward which we were bending our steps. I counted fifteen or sixteen glaciers, most of them in the Ghujerab. None of us had expected to find a country with such lofty peaks. It is no second Karakoram, for that range is unique, but nevertheless it was a thrilling experience to behold for the first

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National-ist-Liberal daily), *October* 8

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time a glacier region with numerous peaks more than twenty thousand feet high that had never before been seen by civilized man.

At the very top of the pass we found a great cairn which the coolies had built a day or two before. Khan Sahib told us later that they had begged their *jamader*, or leader, to carve an inscription on a stone in memory of the event. They were much impressed by the fact that we had succeeded in finding a safe road out of the Khunjerab. Nor were we ourselves less relieved, in the bottom of our hearts, at getting out of such a ticklish place. Our supplies were shrinking rapidly, and if bad weather had caught us there we should have been in a perilous predicament.

Consequently we began the descent in high spirits. Our way led down an extremely steep declivity of three thousand feet covered with shale and loose stones. It took a sure foot and strong nerves to negotiate it, for a single misstep would have precipitated a person to the bottom. We were thankful, therefore, to find that our whole caravan had descended without accident. We found a note at the place where they had camped the night before, together with a bone for Patiala, who gnawed it with a satisfaction indicating that it amply repaid his alpine labors. We hurried down the narrow side-valley into which we had descended, and soon reached the confluence of the two streams, where we found our tent pitched under a cliff.

The next day we set forth hoping to reach the Ghujerab by evening. We were in the valley of one of that river's tributaries, a wild torrential mountain-stream. Like its predecessors, it proved difficult to ford. This time Franz was the victim of its treachery. Disdaining to let himself be carried across on the back of a coolie, he was jumping from stone to stone when his feet slipped and the current caught him. Luckily he managed to seize hold of a handy boulder and to make his way to shore with no further loss than his gun and helmet. Our coolies, spurred by the offer of a liberal tip, fairly combed the stream until they found the lost rifle. But the helmet was never recovered. By this time it may have reached the Indian Ocean.

We had a second and even more difficult crossing where the stream entered the Ghujerab. At this point it was intimidatingly wide and swift, and we were in great suspense until all our caravan was safely on the other side and the last obstacle between us and the mysterious valley of our search was behind us.

As we advanced the scenery changed its character completely. Leaving the narrow chasm, we found ourselves on a broad, rolling plateau covered with scanty herbage. This was a most welcome change from the snow-fields and naked cliffs, without a vestige of plant life, through which we had been traveling. A few hours' exploration brought us to the only inhabited place in the valley, a tiny summer settlement of Shimshal people consisting of a few primitive stone huts where six men, twelve women, and several pale, sickly-looking children were herded together with a large flock of goats and sheep.

Our arrival in this remote corner of the world where no one else ever penetrated — for it is not possible to enter the valley at the confluence of the Khunjerab and the Ghujerab — naturally was a great event for these simple mountaineers. None of them had ever seen a European. How was it possible for the sahibs to get into their valley? They were particularly astonished that a mem-sahib was in our party. That was of intense interest to the frightened women, whom we actually succeeded

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in persuading to come out of their huts and be photographed side by side with my wife. Their clothing was the same as that of their sisters in the Hunza Valley — a long gray garment, a little flat cap, and tall soft boots. They wore no ornaments except a few cheap pearls strung on a string around their necks and a red ribbon in their braided hair.

We spent one day in this loneliest of all mountain hamlets waiting for Khan Sahib, who finally joined us highly gratified over the topographical work he had accomplished. He told us that when he passed our camping-place at the confluence of the two streams this side the pass he found it buried under an avalanche of stones. If it had fallen a day earlier none of us would have been alive to relate our adventures.

On July 2 we resumed our march up the valley, passing the canyon leading toward Shimshal, which our villagers said was four days' journey farther on, and keeping straight ahead toward the object of our search, the source of the Ghujerab.

My wife was perched on the back of a great sturdy yak, which the people had brought for her and insisted that she ride. But the route was so difficult that she preferred to walk most of the way, letting the yak follow after her. The weird, antediluvian-looking beast, left largely to his own devices, plodded on awkwardly in our wake, grunting odd protests from time to time.

This valley was even more beautiful than that of the Khunjerab. Evidently the shepherds whom we had met in the Ghujerab never pastured their flocks far from their huts, for none of them was able to tell us anything about the country upstream.

'But your map, sir?' said Franz. I showed him the map. There was only a white spot for this entire district. Franz stared at it with astonishment and scratched his head in silence — a gesture that said more eloquently than words, '*Na, das ist aber eine vertrackte Geschichte!*'

The valley kept getting broader until it again divided and became so narrow that we had great difficulty in finding a level space free from boulders large enough to make camp between the river and the precipice. All day the sky had looked threatening. About evening a wet sleet began to fall, and added to the savage aspect of the country.

It must have been 1 or 2 A. M. that night when I was suddenly awakened by a dull thundering roar. At first I thought it was the river, but as it grew louder I realized it came from the opposite direction. As I rushed out of my tent I felt cold snow and sharp stones under my bare feet, and saw dark figures rushing past as if for their lives. At the same time a chorus of frightened shouts arose. 'Quick, quick,' I called to my wife, and at the same instant saw her also in the snow. The thunderous roar was most terrifying in the darkness, and we listened to it with beating hearts. Staring intently into the black night, I could discern a huge stone avalanche shooting down the mountainside, but luckily it descended on the opposite declivity from our tent and we were safe.

Khan Sahib had run into the river in his panic, and stood there in water up to his knees, while his loyal servant, with a faithful-unto-death look on his face, held him desperately by what would have been, had he been clothed for daytime, his coat-tail.

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GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS[1]

BY ASHLEY DUKES

[ASHLEY DUKES, the brother of Sir Paul Dukes, and author of *Modern Dramatists*, has lately leaped into prominence through the success of his play, *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, which has already run in London for the better part of a year. Mr. Dukes has just come to America to supervise the American production of his play in New York.]

THE actor is an amateur. He plies a trade that can be learned by all and is regularly practised by too many. The rules of his craft are simple, if indeed there be any rules. With less practice than the drawing-room pianist or the amateur cricketer, with one tenth of the expenditure of time and thought needful to play a tolerable hand at bridge, with one hundredth of the spiritual zest that turns a village blacksmith into a local preacher, an actor may stand upon the stage and interpret for us the things of the imagination. His range of voice and movement is seldom greater than that of the practised political speaker; his sense of presence may be matched by any lady receiving an afternoon call. His physical fitness, as shown in bright eyes and white teeth, a clear skin, a firm carriage, and an elastic step, is hardly more remarkable than that of a good average spectator. Even his tailor is seldom more accomplished than the tailor of the best-dressed occupant of the stalls. By what right does this man walk divinely before his fellow men?

The actor is a representative of his audience — a representative of the finer type, maybe, but a representative. He is not a different order of being, but one of ourselves. He stoops to our gestures, he employs our slang, he condescends to our conventional tones, he bends to touch our commoner emotions. The actor is the typical looker-on; he is the man in the stalls brought on to the stage. The more nearly he represents us, the more clearly is he self-confessed as amateur. The end of naturalistic acting, whether in tragedy or comedy or farce, is amateurism. When the actor's laughter no longer shakes the theatre, when his figure no longer towers above us with gestures of antique greatness, then indeed he and we together are amateurs; for we deserve no theatre and he deserves no audience.

The actor is a professional. He is a man with a calling, a man inspired, a man possessed. He is impelled to give form to a conception of character, he is driven to enter another's spirit and laugh and weep with him. He is destined to represent man in movement, 'in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god.' He unfolds the meaning of action and discovers rhythm in the stumbling gait of events. He lends bodily vitality, the bloom of health, and the spirit of energy to all the creatures of his fancy. He animates the portrait of a sick man; we hang upon the lips of the imaginary

[1] From the *London Mercury* (London literary monthly), *October*

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bores and dullards who are transfigured by his art.

This professional pride of the actor survives a decadence of the stage. It endures through period after period, classical and romantic, naturalistic, prosaic, poetic. Behind the amateurism that overspreads our theatre, behind the lifeless gestures of realistic habit and the meaningless march and countermarch of conventional movement, we see the steadfast figure of the interpreter. Behind the pretense of the mirror we see the reality of the mask. The art of acting is greater than the actor; it lifts him above the level of amateurism to which our realists would reduce him. Among all the feeble impulses of the stage we are conscious, here and there, of the swift intake of the breath of inspiration. There is no other acting but inspired acting, whether it be tragic or comic or farcical; the rest is vanity of vanities.

The uninspired actor — otherwise the amateur — does not play his part; he represents it with the help of an academic and superficial technique. At the best he gives the mask of caricature to a figure that he fails inwardly to comprehend, a figure that may even be unworthy of comprehension. He seeks for a fashionable type into which he can mould his own personality. He goes from manager to manager and from comedy to comedy with his type ready-made; and each finds a use for him, since the audience must have style at all costs, and caricature is a form of style. His mannerisms, which should be the legitimate byplay of his art, become in time his entire stock-in-trade.

The sound middle actor, without the gift of caricature or the instinct for original portraiture, chooses a sound middle performance from his wardrobe of experience as a man chooses a jacket. Authors and producers do not bother him; the part fits him and that suffices. He is closely akin to the 'character actor,' whose aim is to portray everything but character — accent, appearance, gesture, habit, manner, all that is easy and unessential.

For these performers the art of acting is akin to the painter's art in the academic or story-telling picture. The author tells his story and they assist him faithfully by telling theirs; here the matter begins and ends. Of a conception of drama larger than that of the 'dramatic' scene, of an inner technique of acting deeper than the outer technique of tone and gesture and facial play, they do not begin to think. Theirs is the small change of acting, convenient in the pocket, eloquent on the counter, readily given, readily accepted. But the capital of the actor is inspiration.

The everyday theatre pretends to represent actual experience. It tries to show us 'by electric light, in a room with three walls, how ordinary people eat, drink, love, walk, and wear their jackets.' It stands or falls with the verisimilitude of the life it reproduces; this is made the test of drama and acting alike. The advertisement of a monthly magazine declares that 'there is no story so fascinating as a true story.' We may smile at the crudity of the sentiment, but it is widely approved. A dramatic murder-trial or a dramatic divorce-suit will momentarily play the theatre off the stage; and even Drury Lane is played off the stage by Ascot. But, in effect, actual experience remains the corner-stone of the realistic theatre. The actor represents an emotional experience that he is supposed to have undergone. Is he a better actor for having personally undergone it? The realistic theory maintains that he is, and realistic practice supports it, for the endeavor of the actor is to represent the experience as

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personal to himself — that is, personal to his sympathetic audience. An actress depicts the remorse of adultery. Is she a better actress for having herself, at some time, been an unfaithful wife? Here the defender of realism protests publicly that the question is unfair, since it arouses irrelevant moral prejudices; but privately and confidentially he will assert that she is.

Let us go a step further. An actor depicts the remorse of a murderer. Is he a better actor for having himself committed a murder? Doubtless he would be, replies the realist, but we must draw the line of logic somewhere; life would be too dangerous if every stage crime required a rehearsal in reality. The actor can go to a murder trial at the Old Bailey — where, indeed, we often hear of him as a spectator; he can pick up his bits of 'local color' on the Embankment or in the alleys of Chinatown. He can reproduce the reality of emotional experience, though it be at second hand. He can defend the banality of the story he tells by pleading that it is true. We are reminded of the conventional portraitist who asks 'Do you know Lady B.?' or 'Do you know X.?' as he shows us round the canvases of his studio. We know X. and Lady B., and recognize their likenesses at once, to the painter's obvious pleasure. But is this recognition the object of the art of painting? Is faithful portraiture, daubed with local color, the aim of the art of acting?

It has been said that a good portrait is one in which we recognize the painter. A good piece of acting is one in which we recognize an actor — neither type nor individual, but artist. The perception of this truth must profoundly alter our point of view regarding the theatre. The drama of realistic personal experience, with all its elaborate technique of expression, falls to the ground, and in its place stand only a few symbols erected by the aspirations of the audience, the imagination of the dramatist, and the inspiration of the player.

These symbols, however, are lasting, while the unwieldly structure of the theatre as we know it is visibly breaking down. The symbols rest upon agreement between partners; the theatre of to-day rests upon a disagreement that is becoming an open breach. What is drama itself but an everlasting symbol? Does anyone believe that our theatre fifty years hence will resemble our theatre of to-day? — a stuffy little hall lined with plush seats, a trench for the orchestra, a proscenium arch with rows of electric lights, a scene set with three walls of painted canvas? The improvements in mechanical contrivance alone will revolutionize that stage for us. The unchanging qualities of the stage are the symbols that spring from passion, wit, and poetry.

The art of the inspired actor endures. Even in a physical sense he possesses, with Duse and Bernhardt and Ellen Terry, the secret of lasting youth. His body is disciplined and preserved by a technique of acting that subordinates every muscle to the creative impulse. Also the conscious will of the actor preserves the instrument and vessel of his art, as a ballerina preserves the suppleness of her limbs. This actor sees an inner world. His parts are not pieced together from the rags of 'local color' and pretended realism, but are created from an imagined experience; and the act of imagination transfigures his form, beautifies his gestures, and gives rhythm to his words.

Show me your part, says the actor, and I will show you my inspiration. There is no making of bricks without straw. Even a restoration of the theatrical spirit to the theatre demands an imaginative groundwork, a plan for the actor to build upon. A restoration

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of melodrama calls for a melodramatist. A restoration of high comedy calls for classic graces of dialogue. A restoration of poetic drama must be in the first place the work of poets. What does our present-day theatre offer to the ambitious actor? It offers, as we know, a succession of modern parts in which the actor's vices, such as his emotional 'restraint,' his natural conversational tones, his accent of unimpeachable gentility, his timid and ordinary gestures, will be accounted virtues; while his real virtues, such as his ability to fill the stage, his skillful manipulation of his own natural mask, his bold exaggeration of outline in the portrayal of character, his physical domination of the audience, in a word his creation of the part, are as likely as not to make him thoroughly ridiculous. He will be praised for being 'natural' and blamed (God save us!) for being 'artificial.'

The art that conceals art, in the smug phrase, is the only art that will be allowed him. He may, however, be permitted occasional brief incursions into the Elizabethan theatre, or rather into the modernized theatre of Shakespeare, where he has barely time to unlearn the faults of elocution and carriage acquired in modern comedy before the run of the play comes to an end and he reverts to the world of slang and back-chat.

It is said that we have few Shakespearean actors, and none who can speak blank verse effectively. But how should any young actor be able to speak verse, how should any young actor be able to play Shakespeare, when the whole environment of his art is prosaic? If he would bear himself like a Duke of Athens or Malvolio, he must betake himself to watch the Russian Ballet in *Petrouchka* or *Carnaval*, for he will not capture the spirit of dignity in the stage drawing-room. If he would speak his lines like a god and not like an Oxfordian oracle, he must listen to good music in the concert-room, for he will not pick up the art at rehearsal.

Let the actor watch the Guards at the trooping of the Colors or the motionless Lancers seated on their chargers in Whitehall. Here is presence, here is *plastique;* but how were they acquired? By months in the barrack-yard and the riding-school; by grinding labor, by the daily perseverance that is itself a tyranny. Let the actor betake himself to the gymnasium, for he will not capture presence or dignity on the golf-links. It is not the loose-limbed, easy gesture of the tweed-clad athlete that counts on the stage, but the taut muscle and the poise of the discus-thrower. Work and again work, rehearsal and again rehearsal, health and physical domination; these are the watchwords.

To be every inch a king is first of all to be every inch an actor. We hear of players who go into training for their parts, who walk or s wim or ride so-and-so many miles a day for physical fitness' sake. They do well, but there is a mental training also. There is the plastic world of Art to which the actor properly belongs and with which he must himself be in harmony.

These matters, it may be said, are for schools of acting to consider. The schools instruct their pupils in dramatic technique; the schools distnguish carefully between Shakespearean and modern methods of representation. It is not their fault if their pupils neglect the sound advice of the dramatic pedagogue. But in fact the schools fit novices to gain experience; they can do no more. They reflect the spirit of the theatre at large, tinged with a certain conversatism that is proper to academies. At a dramatic school the actor will learn little that is fresh and much that is out of date. He will be prepared

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for the stage as a man is prepared for life by the school or university; the serious work then begins. This is not to say that schools of acting are needless. On the contrary, they were never more urgently needed than to-day, when the stage is overcrowded with masquerading amateurs. As preparatory schools for the current theatre, under the guidance of accomplished and painstaking actors, they have both their advantages and their drawbacks; but as schools of gymnastics and elocution, music and rhythm, of all the humanities that are kindred to the classical art of acting, they will be eventually the nursery and hope of the stage.

An actor speaks to us through symbols of reality, just as a poet speaks to us through images and metaphors. If the metaphors be borrowed or worn-out, no responsive image appears in the listener's mind. The voices that roll 'like distant thunder' awaken no echo; the inky night and the rosy dawn fade into a neutral and muddy hue.

There is a limit to the receptivity of the human mind, where such figures of speech are concerned; a moment comes when even the name of dragon conjures up no picture of frightfulness. So it is, surely, with the symbols that the actor employs. He borrows from the world of reality in order to create a world of appearance; there is the essence of his art. He seeks for enduring symbols that shall express the relation of appearance to reality — for style and gesture, tone and presence that shall maintain a just proportion between the actual and the imaginary. He is confronted by a whole property-room of conventional symbols that are long ago worn threadbare, like the phrases of the novelette. For every emotional emergency, for every situation, for every turn and twist of character, the histrionic *clichés* hang in readiness. There is a fitting for every figure. The spectator, aware of the emptiness and banality of these symbols that he has seen a hundred times, calls them 'theatrical' and thus lays the blame upon the theatre for what is in fact the player's want of imagination.

But the symbols of the theatre cannot be other than theatrical. Every endeavor to make them 'real' reverses the actor's natural process by re-creating a world of sham reality from that of appearance. The presence of real donkeys or real water on the stage gives pleasure to large audiences, but it can scarcely be held to diminish the 'theatricality' of a performance. The actors of the Grand Guignol smear themselves with red ochre to represent a bleeding wound, but the convention does not bring them one step nearer to naturalism. Our quarrel should be, not with the theatrical spirit that is proper to the theatre, but with the pretentious realism that marks a lack of any spirit at all. The enduring symbols of the actor's art are artificial, like the enduring monuments of the sculptor. To cover them with everyday rags and tatters is to mistake their whole significance.

It is asked, how can the actor escape from realism? Is not he, of all artists, most deeply committed to the portrayal of actual life in movement? Is not he, of all artists, the one who needs most urgently to feel the firm rock of experience beneath his feet? Are there not great players, like Duse, in whom the drama of the three-walled room with its naturalistic conventions has kindled an unexampled flame of genius? Shall the actor, whose task it is faithfully to play the part allotted to him, shatter the fabric of drama on which he depends? The answer is that the fabric is shattered and rebuilt by every true actor's performance. Duse's Hedda

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Gabler and Mrs. Alving and Lady of the Sea were not the heroines known to the reader of Ibsen, although after her performance their memory may be ineffaceable. They were successive incarnations of a passionate spirit who understood them all, and, therefore, established an imperious right to play them in her own fashion.

The actor requires, indeed, to feel the contact of experience, but it may very well be a spiritual experience such as animated this gifted woman. The actor is indeed committed to the portrayal of life as we know it, but if his work be well done we should feel that we have never known it before. It is in this act of reaching out to the unknown that the player makes his individual and sublime gestures. A single step out of the rut, and he is saved. A flash of perception that the part he plays is created and not imitated, a touch of the selfless spirit that seeks expression and not repetition, and the actor stands before us once more as a figure significant and dominant, a sphinx and an interpreter, a priest and a worshiper, a player with a right to the stage.

TWO ENGLISH VIEWS OF CHAPLIN

I. THE GOLD RUSH[1]

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

On Thursday afternoon I was one of a large crowd which filled the New Tivoli in the Strand to see Mr. Charles Chaplin in his new film, 'The Gold Rush.' It is notorious that I am a melancholy man, incapable of more than a harsh and rusty cackle on the merriest occasions. My readers, aware of my habitual gloom, will realize, then, how entertaining this picture is when I say that I laughed, not once or twice, but many times, and in an uproarious manner. There was quite a cheery note in my laughter, too, a sort of rippling sound that greatly astonished me and caused my companion to regard me with strange interest. To these low-brow levels even the highest brow sometimes descends.

Mr. Chaplin is a genius, but he is not content, as some men of genius are, to exploit his popularity. He knows, what some of our most distinguished actors would be the better for knowing, that it is not enough for him to be in the picture, but that the picture itself must be of merit. 'The Gold Rush' is the funniest film I have ever seen. It is probably the funniest film that anyone has ever seen. The story is not of much account, but it is told with an ingenious mixture of pathos and fun that puts it directly into the Shakespearean and Dickensian line.

The fertility of invention displayed in this picture is remarkable. The incidents are many and various, well prepared, and, except one, never too prolonged. The exception was the incident when Mr. Chaplin appears

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *September* 20

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to be transformed to a chicken in the eyes of his hungry companion. The transformation was twice repeated. One transformation would have been sufficient. When the fun seemed finally to be flagging, a new incident, that of a house rocking on the edge of a precipice, was introduced into the picture, and it kept the audience continually and loudly laughing. The preparation for this incident was admirable. Mr. Chaplin goes to bed, having drunk more spirit to restore his chilled circulation than it needed, and wakes in the morning in the belief that he is still mussy because the hut, which had been blown to a perilous perch by a blizzard during the night, sways every time he moves his position.

There was an insane sort of plausibility about this part of the picture, as, indeed, there was about the whole picture, that made it extremely diverting. Mr. Chaplin gets a lot of his fun out of his habit of performing supremely ridiculous things in a perfectly normal manner. When the two misfortunate prospecters are reduced by their hunger to eating a boot, the incident is treated in a serious fashion. The boot is boiled as if it were a fowl. It is dished up, to use the beautiful technical term of the cooks, in a proper and respectful way. Mr. Chaplin carves it as neatly as anyone could wish a chicken to be carved. He twists the lace round his fork as if it were spaghetti, and enjoys the nails as if they were the succulent twiddley-bits! . . .

M. Bergson has defined laughter as the imposition of the mechanical upon the living. Mr. Chaplin illustrates the Bergsonian belief by his acting. The whole of this great comedian's method consists in treating the absurd as if it were the commonplace. The more monstrous the fact becomes, the more determined Mr. Chaplin is to treat it as an ordinary event. He has other qualities which he adds to this one: his nervous, disarming smile; the constant suggestion of the small boy timorously arming himself against authority and valiantly carrying out desperate enterprises with a sinking heart; his air of pathetic loneliness; the quickness with which he can silence a laughing crowd and compel it to be pitiful; his persistent humanity in grotesque circumstances — all these and other qualities he has. I hardly know which to esteem the most, his fertile fun or his disturbing pathos.

The fertility of his fun is amply illustrated in 'The Gold Rush.' One example of it will be enough. In a dancing-hall he encounters one of those big, robust men against whom he loves to match himself. It is part of Mr. Chaplin's cleverness that he makes the big fellow a decent sort of man. Fred, the big fellow in 'The Gold Rush,' is not a villainous person, but one who remains within the circle of average humanity. The usual scuffle takes place. Mr. Chaplin, blindly struggling, hits out in a wild way and barks his knuckles on a pillar. A clock falls on Fred's head and stretches him insensible on the floor. Mr. Chaplin, freeing himself from his entanglements, observes the stricken giant and imagines that the blow which he gave the pillar has laid the giant low! . . .

This bald account will not make anyone realize the rich funniness of this scene or the fertility of the invention with which it is prepared, but I doubt if anyone who witnesses it will fail to be vastly entertained by its very human comicality. Mr. Chaplin's pathos does not dissolve his audience into tears: it is better than that sort of pathos. It is the sort that suddenly seizes the mind and alters its direction, compelling those who are bent on cruelty to be as bent on kindliness.

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The scene in which Mr. Chaplin prepares a New Year's Eve dinner party for the dancing girls is an admirable example of this pathos. Here we have the solitary man, keenly eager for company, but somehow unable to make company interested in him otherwise than as a butt for its fun. Company does not remember its appointment with him. The disappointment and solitude are revealed in delicate stroke after delicate stroke until finally we, the audience, as ready as the dancing girls to laugh at the odd little unfortunate, are suddenly made to realize that this is a man with feelings who can hunger and thirst and suffer as we can. It is an old device, but age does not divest a thing of its worth or its verity. All the clowns of time have remembered this fact, that the longings of humanity can be expressed either in laughter or in sorrow, and have not forgotten that the guffaw is only another sort of sob.

Mr. Chaplin is one of the few people whose personality survives the screen. A single meeting with a man is not enough to enable anyone to estimate his character, but I saw enough of Mr. Chaplin himself on one occasion to realize that he has a nature which can enlarge itself. The trouble with most of us is that we do not expand on closer acquaintance: we dwindle; and what seemed at first to be an attractive personality, and likely to become more attractive, shrinks into a patchy person, with an intolerable deal of dullness to a tiny amount of wit. These disappointments happen to all of us, which is why the world is strewn with wrecked friendships. But sometimes a man comes along who has the unique ability to enlarge himself. We cannot see the end of him. When we make his acquaintance we go on a journey that may be long, but is not exhausting, and has a great variety of views. Such men are rare. Mr. Chaplin seems to be one of them. He has made the whole world laugh.

II. CHAPLIN AND THE HICKS[1]

BY HENRY KING

Mr. Robert Nichols has lately contributed to the *Times* a series of interesting articles on the men and conditions controlling the cinema industry in America. Mr. Nichols has been making a long sojourn in Hollywood, California, where, because of climatic advantages, the production of American films is centralized; and he himself has been engaged there, I believe, as a writer of film scenarios. He therefore speaks with more authority than most writers on the cinema.

Nevertheless he has come, in the main, to what may be called a foregone conclusion. The great American film-producers strive to give the public what it wants, and that is the reason why the standard of American films (which, as we all know, form the great bulk of the films exhibited in England) is so deplorably low. But Mr. Nichols adds a spice of novelty to the general conclusion by his revelation that the

[1] From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *October*

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public which the American producers aim to satisfy is an American public: it consists of the millions of American citizens who are picturesquely called Hicks; the mighty stream of standardized humanity that flows through Main Street; the stream against which such a one as Mr. Sherwood Anderson puts up a pathetic and heroic struggle. 'Speed, hurried workmanship, cheap automobiles for cheap men, cheap chairs in cheap houses, city apartment-houses with shining bathroom floors, the Ford, the Twentieth Century, Ltd., the World War, jazz, the movies.' The movies: it is the art of the Hicks. The Hicks pay the piper, and the Hicks call the tune.

Whereat the English press is greatly moved to scorn. It has somebody else to blame for the desperate condition of the cinema. Those Hicks! Those gum-chewing, Cluett-Peabody-collar-wearing, pie-eating Hicks!

As though we had no Hicks at home, in this free and enlightened country! Dear old Hicks! Why, it is even possible that our own home-grown Hicks may be a little more Hickory than the originals, inasmuch as they stubbornly prefer the American film to the home product. And if we do not call them Hicks, a rose by any other name may smell as sweet.

Not the Hicks, therefore, are responsible for the condition of the cinema, but something altogether less distinctively American — Democracy. Does anyone seriously imagine that, if the great American producers were to aim at giving the English public what it wanted, the films would be better than those which satisfy and delight the dwellers in Main Street? Have the indigenous British films ever shown themselves to be better by a single caption than the imported American films? They are on the same level as far as subject and treatment are concerned, and infinitely inferior technically.

The cinema is, through and through, a democratic art: the only one. It costs so much to produce a modern film — sometimes a million pounds is sunk in a single one — that the largest possible public is the only public which can concern the producer. He must aim at producing a household commodity. It is as though a publisher could exist only by publishing best-sellers. But in the case of books the conditions are quite different. It costs very little, relatively, to produce a book. A publisher may sleep happily if one in fifty of his books is a veritable best-seller; he may be prosperous and respected and comfortable even though he never hits upon a best-seller at all. Books that are bought by two, three, and four thousand people are very profitable to him in comparison with his outlay. It actually pays him to cater to the discriminating public. Not so the cinema-producer. With him it must be best-sellers all the way.

What is the remedy? Mr. Nichols abandons himself to the old cry: 'Educate the public.' Since he puts it in the form, 'Educate the Hicks!' the English press echoes it, forgetting that to educate the public would be to compass its own destruction; or perhaps, rather, with the cynical knowledge that it has nothing to fear, because nothing will ever come of 'educating the public.' 'Educating the public' is indeed pure humbug. No amount of public education will bring the public to like better films or better books. And what, anyhow, is the good of its liking better films, or better books? There is no such distinction in the world of art: there are good films and bad ones, good books and bad ones. The public cannot be brought by easy stages from liking bad to liking good. That only leads to the worst condition of all: pretending to

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like that which is neither bad nor good, but simply rotten.

Let us away with the pious humbug of 'educating the public' to like anything — and above all with the particular humbug of educating the public outside the cinema to like better things in the cinema. It can't be done; and if it could, the result would be merely nasty — the singularly putrescent hypocrisy that masquerades as artistic culture. If the cinema public is to be educated, it must be by the cinema.

So we are locked in a vicious circle. The great film-producers supply what the public wants; therefore the public can never learn to like anything better than they supply. Apparently cogent and conclusive; but only apparently. The vicious circle has been broken, year after year, with unfailing regularity by a single man — Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin is the only genius the cinema has produced; it is worth while examining what he has done. Much depends upon that slight and girlish-looking man.

I need hardly refer readers of the *Adelphi* to the remarkable article he wrote in its pages in January 1924. It should be, by now, the *locus classicus* of cinema criticism. It is worth more, for profundity and direct insight into the essential problem of the cinema as a democratic art, than all that all the professional critics of the cinema put together have written.

> Quite frankly [he wrote] I do not believe that the public knows what it wants. . . . The public has no specification for films. The demands of the public are negative at best. Entertainment is what 'they' really want. . . .
>
> Just about this time, when I had decided that I knew what the public wanted and my success encouraged me to that belief, I received a jolt in the form of a letter from a man I have never seen and whose name I don't even know to-day, though his letter I can write here word for word. He had seen me in 'The Fireman' in a large theatre in the Middle West, and wrote: —
>
> 'I have noticed in your last picture a lack of spontaneity. Although the picture was unfailing as a laugh-getter, the laughter was not so round as at some of your earlier work. I am afraid you are becoming a slave to your public, whereas in most of your pictures the audiences were a slave to you. The public, Charlie, likes to be slaves.'
>
> This letter was a great lesson to me, and I took stock, so to speak. My work could be no good unless I got the right spirit of joy, joy in itself. And since that letter I have tried to avoid what I think the public wants. *I prefer my own taste as a truer expression of what the public wants of me than anything that I can fathom out of the things that I observe, either in my own work or in that of others who are unmistakably successful.*

'My own taste': there is the root of the matter. Chaplin is an artist, working out his own salvation, and lo! the democratic public responds.

But we must look a little further. After all, Chaplin's own taste is Chaplin's. What is at the bottom of it? What, over and above his prodigious technical accomplishment as a mime, distinguishes Chaplin's work absolutely from that of the rest of the cinema stars?

Simply this. Chaplin believes in the great democratic public; his faith in democracy is wary and sad-smiling, but ineradicable. He believes in it because he believes in himself. He is, and he never forgets that he is, a child of democracy; he comes from the multitude, and he knows the multitude. Of what he is capable as artist, they are capable as audience. So long as he is true to the truth that is in him, so long will they respond to him, for the same truth is in them also. He makes the great act of faith, and he is abundantly justified. That is why he alone of all his fellows can actually hold an audience of Hicks, in Illinois or Hoxton, spellbound and poised for an hour be-

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tween laughter and tears, by a technique the like of which, for sheer subtlety, is unknown in all the world of the cinema.

Chaplin is, first and foremost, a democratic artist. (So, let us not forget, was Shakespeare: an artist who sought for the biggest audience he could get, and accepted it.) The rest of the American films come from the Hick-exploiters: they are essentially mere dope. The German film at its best is an intellectual exercise; at a lower level, an exploration of the art of photography, strictly of the same kind as Reinhardt's *kolossal* theatrical experiments that never fail to empty the baby with the bath-water.

Chaplin is utterly different: an *artist* of the cinema. There is no other. We have come slowly to recognize that. But it is still more important to recognize that he is an artist of the *cinema*. There is no other. He creates out of a true relation with the true audience of the cinema — the democratic audience. He cannot help himself; but he has consciously and gladly accepted his destiny. He knows something which the Hicks know, which is the best they know, better than which the best do not know. '*La pitié, voyez-vous, M. le Professeur, c'est le fond même du génie.*' And pity, of a brother for a brother, is the very essence of Chaplin's creations. It is not the Hick, but the organized contempt for him, that is the curse which rests on the modern cinema. Chaplin alone has had the power, and shown the way, to lift it.

SACRIFICE

BY JAMES CULLEN

[*Irish Statesman*]

I HAD grown tired of waiting
By river and sea,
Of waiting for the fishes
That would not come to me.

And so I took my heart out
And hung it in the sea,
And hung it in the river,
And fishes came to me.

Now whoso buys my fishes
Caught in river and sea,
He buys a heart within them
That once was in me.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THEATRICAL UPLIFT

FROM London and Paris come two ideas which ought to prove fruitful of interesting developments in the theatre, using the word in the widest sense. The London idea concerns, not the legitimate drama, but the movies — I beg pardon, the cinema; and to Blue Law minds, which associate Sunday movies with Sunday baseball and other such transgressions, will perhaps seem dictated by less zeal for good than its originators profess. (Mr. Bertrand Russell has pointed out that the Jewish law against working on Saturday is not translated with perfect logic into our modern law against playing on Sunday.) At any rate, a group of Londoners have recently organized a Film Society, of which the purpose is to exhibit, to a limited membership on Sundays, films that reach a certain level of æsthetic value, in the way in which 'unpopular' plays have been shown by the Phœnix and Stage Societies.

We have no detailed information as to just what standards the Film Society will set; we should imagine that they could hardly be standards comparable with those set by the Phœnix Society, for the movies, if they have their D. W. Griffith, have yet to find their Webster, and if they have their Chaplin, have yet to find their Congreve. But of course there is a better and a worse in the movies; there are æsthetic effects which the movies can achieve, and a special type of pleasure which they can give, and a small group of critical patrons should be able to come to some conclusions about both — with the effect, certainly, of furnishing the movie-makers with criteria which they have long needed. Let us hope that the Film Society will turn their thumbs down with decisive disapproval on the filming of great novels, ancient and modern, on the psychological drama of the screen, on all the shoddy attempts to outdo Shakespeare and Sheridan in a different medium; and flock in as large numbers as they can command to revivals — such as are promised — of pictures like 'Caligari' and 'The Last Laugh.' If its efforts rebound upon the commercial cinema as those of the Phœnix Society have rebounded upon the commercial theatre, the Film Society should prove a real agent of revolution.

M. Firmin Gémier, director of the Odéon, has a proposal, even more imaginative than this, for what he calls a 'Theatrical International' — a phrase which is not to be taken as a gesture of amity toward the Soviets. M. Gémier's internationalism is of a purely æsthetic brand, and is in fact designed only to systematize and facilitate a kind of intellectual free trade which already operates more or less effectively. As things are, Mr. Shaw is a favorite dramatist in Berlin, Pirandello in Paris, and Schnitzler in London: without covenants and pacts and constitutions, a dramatic League of Nations does exist, and does count

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in its membership most of the civilized countries of the world, including even America.

What M. Gémier proposes to do, with a strangely cis-Atlantic passion for organization, is to set up a permanent bureau and a permanent staff at Paris, to call meetings of an annual congress in different cultural centres, and there to give performances of representative plays of each country with recognized artists in their native tongue. It would be depressing to see the drama handed over to the card-index mind that is likely to prevail in a 'permanent staff'; but the danger of this may not be very great, and the possibilities of a really international theatrical movement are distinctly stirring. If shot-putting and tennis are matters of high international concern, why not realistic tragedy and the comedy of manners? New York may yet have a short season, under august auspices, of Schnitzler in German, Guitry in French, and Pirandello in Italian. At least the annual congress ought to be held here within the first decade.

We understand that M. Gémier has been taken to task by certain newspapers in Paris for a trip that he recently made to Berlin in the interests of theatrical pacifism, and for expressions of friendliness to the German stage when he got back. Is this not nationalism with a vengeance?

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MIRACLES IN HUNGARY

THE labor of out-Heroding Herod, or of being more French than the French, has always struck us as peculiarly difficult. To have more faith than the Church is a task, surely, of similar proportions. Yet that is the charge against a large number of Hungarian pilgrims, — six hundred thousand in two months, it has been estimated, — who have betaken themselves to the village of Nagyszakacsi, in the county of Somogy in Southwestern Hungary, for the purpose of witnessing a group of miracles originally reported by two little goose-girls of the village. That enough people to man a city the size of Pittsburgh should have been able to remember such a place-name as Nagyszakacsi — that idyllic village of Nagyszakacsi in the incomparable county of Somogy — might seem to be itself a miracle of no slight order. The real miracle, however, which Gisela Kain and her companion ran home to relate to their mothers, was the sudden appearance of Christ on the cross in a huge flame which rose up suddenly by a bridge over a small brook at the end of the village. Very shortly the access of pilgrims began, and, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the vision was seen again and again.

> Day after day young girls fell in a swoon and spoke on coming-to of what they had seen. There were fresh miracles: a lame man walked; deaf and dumb were cured; a doubting magistrate was struck dumb; an acacia tree stood bare for all to see — it had withered on the day of Gisela's vision.

Unfortunately the parish priest proved to be incredulous, and the local prefect, at his behest, took measures to stop the fanatical procession, reporting to the Lord Lieutenant of the county that he had ordered the bridge to be destroyed and the water diverted to another channel — with less effect than he had expected, however, because pouring rains set in, and the crowds still had supplies of water through which to behold the vision. No less a person than the Bishop of Vescprem himself sent a group of priests to the scene of the trouble, and this commission reported the whole

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thing to be a lie and a swindle, the only result of which had been that people were neglecting their duty of church-going.

Apparently this ecclesiastical rebuff succeeded only in inciting the pilgrims to more exaggerated expressions of credulity, for it is reported that they have begun to erect a church by the bridge, and that a peasant leader has emerged with the threat that all the believers in the miracle will abandon the Catholic faith if the clergy refuse to recognize the miracle. Louis Koever, as this hero is named, is obviously a desperate fellow. 'We will leave the Church,' he declares, 'and join the Socialists.' Heaven's loss, clearly, is to be Moscow's gain.

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SWINBURNE AND MORLEY

MR. T. J. WISE, who was coeditor with Sir Edmund Gosse of Swinburne's letters, is also the possessor of the most complete collection of Swinburniana in existence, and of this collection he has just issued for private circulation an annotated catalogue. The collection contains, not only first editions and original manuscripts of many of Swinburne's shorter and longer poems, but also a certain number of still unpublished letters. The catalogue gives us only scraps from these letters, but even these scraps are interesting to lovers of Swinburne. One of the most valuable, for the light it throws on the poet's temper, contains a reference to one of the sorest spots in Swinburne's literary career.

In the outburst of critical rage that followed upon the publication of the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, no voice was more ringing than that of a reviewer in the *Saturday Review*, and no criticism did more permanent injury to Swinburne's reputation — which hitherto had been, if limited, quite sufficiently respectable. The anonymity of the review, however, was always presumed to have been preserved, and only upon the death of Lord Morley a few years ago was it generally known that he had been its author. Yet Lord Morley — then Mr. John Morley — was long the editor of the *Fortnightly*, and, as such, one of Swinburne's chief journalistic supporters: many of Swinburne's poems and critical articles appeared originally in the pages of the *Fortnightly*.

Now it appears, from one of Mr. Wise's Swinburne letters, that the authorship of the *Saturday Review* criticism was no mystery to Swinburne. In this letter, in which he explains that he cannot have dealings with a publisher who issues the works of such libelous pamphleteers as Robert Buchanan, he defends his own freedom from merely personal rancor by appealing to 'the terms on which . . . I have stood for six years almost with relation to my friend Mr. John Morley.' He adds: 'I did not wait for any expression on his part of regret for the very grave damage his attacks had inflicted on me, in purse and in character, to show by plain proof that I bore no ill-will for the expression, however strong and unmeasured, of any man's opinion as to my literary demerits or offenses.'

The legend has gone round so generally that Swinburne had little or no control over his positive aversions and affections that it is pleasant to have testimony to his generous forbearance toward a contemporary who had really done him great harm, though from the highest motives. Indeed, the disclosure made by this letter reflects nothing but honor on the two great men who are involved.

When are all of these letters to be given to the world.

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METAMORPHOSES OF FEMALE ATTIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

It seems that reports on the complete Westernization of the Turkish woman's attire have often been exaggerated. An interesting dispatch to the *Neue Freie Presse* tells us about it in detail. Only in so-called Society have all the women entirely adopted Western fashions. In the street cars — the best field for such observations — the correspondent observed that not all young ladies have been allured by these fashions, and not all the old ones continue faithful to the ancient cloak and veil. Most womenfolk in the street wear Western clothes — all except the hat, which seems the hardest to acclimatize in Turkey. The *charchaf*, or face veil, is undergoing a very obvious evolution, however. The old-fashioned lady still wears it in a quadrangular piece falling from her hood and over her face. The peasant woman wears no veil, but wraps her headkerchief around her face so that only her eyes and the bridge of her nose are visible.

The first stage of emancipation from the veil is achieved in a very simple way: the veil is still fastened to the hood, but instead of hanging down it is thrown back over the head; thus, if an overinsistent male glance makes the lady feel embarrassed, she lowers her charchaf, and is safe. In the next stage the hood disappears and the half-transparent charchaf is wrapped around the head very prettily, so as not to conceal the beauty of the hair, and somewhat after the fashion of the Russian peasant woman's headkerchief. This, however, is too modest and severe a headdress, and so the adorable fashion of having a couple of locks escape at the temples from under the kerchief is gaining favor. Also, under the semitransparent dark veil, a piece of gay brocade is placed — a design of discreet coquetry. At the next stage a small crownlet, or diadem, in more vivid colors, adorns the kerchief above the forehead. After this, of course, nothing remains but to adopt the hat — but so far this has been done only by the few ladies whose entire order of life has been Europeanized.

HONORIFICABILITUDINITY R. I. P.

Serious case of alphabetical elephantiasis reported in the *Daily Telegraph:* —

At the recent Dental Exhibition attention was drawn to a tremendously long word used to describe a germicide. Long as it was, it is easily beaten by one that appears in the programme of the London Medical Exhibition, opened at Westminster yesterday. It is as follows: 'Dimethylaminobenzoyldimethylethylcarbinol.' The substance is stated to be a hydrochloride, used as a spinal anæsthetic.

Dr. Johnson outdone by some Cockney ward-walker!

VASQUEZ IN CALYDON

Activities of the avenging angel in Northern Spain, according to a dispatch to the London *Daily Herald:* —

The Lord Mayor of Cesures (Mr. Naviera Gonzalez) was mistaken for a wild boar, when he went out patrolling near Corunna, with two civil guards. He was fired at, and died from his wounds.

After talking about the damage caused by boars, Mr. Naviera Gonzalez stepped aside unnoticed by the guards. Suddenly Guardsman Vasquez saw some leaves moving. Suspecting the presence of a boar, he fired his rifle and mortally wounded the Lord Mayor.

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

OUR three articles on the drama could not have appeared at a more propitious moment as far as this department is concerned. What with the Four Marx Brothers in a new musical show and new comedies with Chaplin and Harold Lloyd all opening at once, this is a big week in Boston's theatrical history. There is also a rumor to the effect that 'The Miracle' was put on a few nights ago, but Mr. Morris Gest is such a shrinking violet of a publicity man that we cannot say for sure. However, we have had more than our share of the inspiration that Ashley Dukes talks so engagingly about, and nobody — not even St. John Ervine — is going to get away with a thing.

* * *

The Chaplin cult has become such a piece of affectation that it is almost impossible for us honest men to go to see 'The Gold Rush' at all. The fact that we did is the surest first-hand proof we have of Charlie's genius — if Mr. Gilbert Seldes will allow us to use the word. For the mere white-collar man is no longer, alas, permitted to participate in proletarian pleasures without constantly bolstering up his self-esteem with assurances that this is the Art of the People and that the only reason Chaplin does n't wear a beard is for fear of being mistaken for Shakespeare. Mr. Ervine views the matter quite sensibly. He goes to see Chaplin. He laughs — although, for our part, we laughed more at Harold Lloyd. He then tells us some of the funny things he saw and explains why they amused him. Not so Mr. Henry King of the Adelphi, who is slightly tinged with the same artiness that our esteemed contemporary and only rival in the field of foreign literature — the Dial — cultivates. Yet Mr. King quite disarms us, for he speaks respectfully of the United States. His æsthetics, if there really are such things, appear to be quite sound. The only out about the whole business is that it seems a fearfully roundabout and rather snobbish way of coming to a perfectly obvious conclusion.

* * *

Mr. C. T. Cramp, although an entirely different kettle of fish, affects us in much the same manner that Mr. King does. The moderate enlightened radicalism of England is not so much of an improvement over the enlightened moderate liberalism of this country. Surely you know what we mean — the sort of person who earnestly discusses the Constant Nymph, who thinks Bernard Shaw is terribly clever but too cynical, who believes that George Arliss is a great actor, and who voted for Davis because Coolidge has no constructive ideas about foreign policy. Yet persons of this type are apt to be far better company than rock-bound Tories whose opinions may happen to coincide a little more with our own. Here is the good Cramp, for instance. He nobly espouses the cause of the Proletario and urges a square deal for everybody. The only trouble is that the 'Conditions' from which we are suffering and which he

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wants changed are, in some instances, beyond the control of the British Labor Party, or even of Cal himself.

* * *

Now for a little log-rolling. Mr. Ashley Dukes, the author of 'Gentlemen and Players,' is an especial friend of this department's, — we met him when we were sentenced to four months in England some years ago, — and at that time he was a modest young dramatic critic who spent his days working in the offices of the 'Blue Guides.' Since then he has come way up in the world, and his critique sets forth some of the principles on which his success is presumably based. So be sure, the next time you are in New York, to see his new play, *The Man with a Load of Mischief*. You'll like it.

* * *

Until this morning our favorite poem in the English language was Shelley's piece about Mutability, beginning 'The flower that smiles to-day, to-morrow dies,' but it has been ousted by the following lines which we have just received from Margaret deForest Hicks of Washington, D. C.: —

Dear *Living Age*, I like this page,
It's full of saucy gibes.
'T was writ, I vow, with tongue in cheek
And pure disgust for them that 's meek,
And hopeful that each quip would reek
With spicy diatribes.

There seems, however, to be some difference of opinion about this department, several of our readers having tried their hands at saucy diatribes of their own which they modestly forbid us to print. Won't somebody please step forward and bawl us out publicly?

In the course of a thoroughly delightful letter, one of our host of readers in Buffalo writes: 'Mayhap the man who writes the blurb on the THIS WEEK page (which I have heard criticized by some of the more sedate readers —those who see life from the solemn angle, and with whom I do not agree) will deign to talk about the wonderful staff he is associated with, on occasion.' Well, we feel like slumming this morning anyway, so here goes.

* * *

This entire department was bringing down its weekly hymn of hate for editorial disapproval, and we entered the Great Man's sanctum in a body. The sight that greeted our eyes was staggering. There sat the editor, his head barely visible above a pile of magazines, newspapers, and clippings in French, German, English, Russian, Italian, and Spanish. The Chief was writing, or rather intoning, 'Around the World in October' to one of his secretaries — it happened to be the Russian lady to-day. Each time he turned from Great Britain to Germany, or from France to Spain, his hand would shoot into one of the piles of papers and extract the sheaf of clippings he was after. The telephone rang. It was our expert on Scandinavian affairs calling up to say that he had been lunching with a newspaper man from Manchuria and a Slovenian student who gets us stuff from the Balkans and that his two companions had got into a fight about where the next war was going to be. Each of them stood up for his own neck of the woods, and they were calling up the editor of the *Living Age* to settle the matter. When he had told them, he turned to us and said, 'Well?' And this is the man we are paid to be at odds with. What price glory?

YANKEE DOOLEY

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTERS not infrequently reach the Editor's desk from subscribers of the *Living Age* in foreign lands that portray sentiment with a vividness that seldom appears even in the local press — public or clandestine — of the writer's native country. We print below two of these which came by the same post, the first from Yugoslavia and the second from Hungary, not as expressions of editorial opinion, — for in these matters we are mere reporters, — but as illustrating the strength of political feeling in the still disturbed areas of the world. No attempt has been made to edit these letters, lest they lose their color and piquancy in the process.

I

Dear Sir, —

I have paused with my correspondence with you, although it is for me a great pleasure, because I wished to relate you accurately about the unexpected events in our country occurred after the 'arrangement' between Pašič and Radič. I have read your entry about this event in the *Living Age* and you are quite right that you have clothed your approval in a very cool expression.

You remember what I think on Mr. Pašič and my opinion some months ago is the same to-day. But he is a man of Balkans, an asiatic satrap, this asiatic mood of thinking is his very nature, and with this old chap there is not much to be changed. Some time ago I related about Carters book on Tutenghk-Amun's grave and I pointed out this egiptian Pharao, Eje, and our Premier. I found there a parallel between two oriental politicians which is unchangeable through three millenniums. Pašič is so and we have always reckoned with that.

But Radič is worse and his deed is the most abject I have ever heard of. Before this 'arrangement' there was achieved a betrayal of a honest folk who placed his whole confidence in this man. I am ashamed that he was a leader of Croats, I am ashamed that a Croats perpetrated such a base deed. Cowardice, a pure cowardice, because he could not more endure imprisonment. But Radič myops phisically and politically yet more myops. All this 'arrangement' will turn against him: early or late he will fall victim of the snares of Mr. Pašič.

I say you yet once that we all, the Croats, don't wish else than to be on friendly terms with the Serbs, and that our best wish is to make joint with them a strong and prosperous commonwelth, but we wish to make it as man and as brothers, and not to be held by them as vanquished slaves, as they have done till now. Such our wishes were on the point to be fulfilled and Radič made his fatefull step very out of season.

I believe he is not quite sane and it is the only apology for his doings. Do you know that his betrayal was accompanied with unreasonable attacks on Mr. Seton Watson and other friends of our folk we have in England. And this attacks performed a Radič who held us out hopes long a time that these noble Englishmen will assist us in our efforts. He deceived us then: he tries to deceive ourselves, the king, Pašič and the public opinion to-day, some people, mainly of the last

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named, are decoyed by his fraudulent chants.

Besides he himself said in Geneva that he was not sane and with it is all said.

I have much abused your precious leisure, but as I felt myself in some manner obliged to inform you about these events, I 'm sure you will forgive me.

II

Dear Sir, —

I am subscriber and diligent reader of the *Living Age*. In the 22. number of August was reading on the page 421–424 a story of which the editor of the *Livng Age*, true to it's content was giving the title: The Back Yard of Europe, by a man from Slovakia.

But Mr. Eugen Lewin Dorsch, the writer of this piece, who is perhaps born Hungarian Jew, does not tell the truth. I am very sorry, that this man before the American Public such a color gives about the Hungarian Governement (page 423) that they let knowingli vegetate the people in inconceivable poverty, disease and in undernourishment decimated, without schools or other provision for their wellfare.

Here is spoken about the North Hungarian Land, which is populated by the Little Russians and the Eastern Jews. This land was robbed by the Czechs from the Hungarian.

Perhaps will interess the reader of the *Living Age*, that the Back Yard of Europe is in Galicia, which belongs now to Polland. These Jews of Galicia are not uncultured, but the dirtiest peuple of Europa. These men were wandering since centuries from the Northest of the Hungarian border, where the Carpathien Mountains are, to the South of Hungary. They were growing long curly beard, *pajesz*, which was never shewred, never comed. They were mixing themselves about the Ruthens and by selling brandy, they were looting them.

So they soon became richness. In the contrary of the untruth of the writer, the Hungarian Governement was building many schools, a commission was working here to help them, notwithstanding the Jews wandering to the South of Hungary in the lowland, *Puszta*. They are coming yearly more and more, like the flies on sugar, impossibly to prevent it. Between the Catholic Hungarians making the same ruining work. But they begin already to shear themselves, they cut down their shaggy earlocks, they shave themselves, and, alas! they wash themself! Many of them arriving at Budapest or at other big town, takes off their caftan, washing themselves with soap, appear in society, wearing an evening cloth, and soon becoms millionar.

America does not know, that such a wandering of people still exists, and I believe, that Mr. Lewin Dorsch, who tells him a Czecho-Slovak, on the same way was coming in the (for the Jews) Holly Land of Hungary. Now he is caluminating Hungary! Please ask the Rutheniens — the Slovacs and the Little Russians, what do they tell? They hate all the dirty Jews, who are making them poor. They would be more content and happy with their low cultur, when Jews would be not there. These people, who are busy themself with farming, with household work, without these cunning Jews could live content and well. The Jews are the wounds of these kind-hearted people, they must be cleaned out, than these people will be cured.

To refer to the Latin proverb: *Audiatur et Altera pars* please to publicate my article also.

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BOOKS ABROAD

L'Europe galante, by Paul Morand. Paris: Grasset, 1925. 7 fr. 50 c.

[Edmond Jaloux in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

THE stories which M. Paul Morand publishes to-day are different enough from *Ouvert la nuit* and *Fermé la nuit* to deserve special examination. In the two latter volumes M. Morand was still more under the influence of the literary surroundings in which he had lived than of reality, or rather his theories and his friendships forced him to yield to a certain streak of personal fancy. By its light he interpreted the spectacles of the universe. This gave him that style, at once lyric, irregular, witty, biting, and a little absurd, which constituted at once the charm and the prestige of his first books. However skillfully M. Morand may have been depicting Isabella in the *Nuit romaine* or the Irishman in *La nuit de Portofino*, these characters nevertheless give an impression of being creatures of fancy, creations of a poet, not images of reality. Perhaps Aino in *La nuit nordique* is more accurate, and above all the Russian princess in *La nuit turque*. The verve which gave life to his stories had something gay and free and happy about it. No matter if there was an apparent pessimism in them, they were nevertheless works written in those years after the war when one still had a kind of hope and a good many illusions. *L'Europe galante* is done in a way which seems to me quite different. A little deceived by the title and also by certain audacious details, though these are vastly more rare than people say, it is spoken of as if it were a light work. It does not make that impression on me, first because the best stories in the collection, the only ones which count, have, underneath their apparent indifference and vividness, a far-reaching knowledge of the European nations of whom M. Morand speaks — not merely of their geography, which any Baedeker would reveal, but of their political history, their psychological reactions, and even those thousand little characteristics which are revealed by an anecdote and which give us more information on one ethnic peculiarity or another than a big learned book.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

M. PAUL MORAND continues to exploit his vein of cynical observation, ferocious humor, and descriptive metaphor in a series of sketches of odd characters in cosmopolitan settings. In *L'Europe galante*, he ranges from Leningrad to Sicily, from Lisbon to Occupied Germany, with intermediate stages in London and Paris. His vision of Europe is rather a nightmare. On the one hand we have the seemingly demented inhabitants of Russia, whose lives, actions, passions, and ideals are singularly revolting to most Western minds; and, on the other hand, we have a decrepit bourgeoisie plunged into futility, incoherence, and vice. In spite of an assumed coolness and indifference, M. Morand seems not a little staggered by the moral chaos — or chaotic personalities — he discovers. With the conviction that the whole of society is crazy, M. Morand appears to feel that the only thing to do is to record various cases of craziness in a humorous way, with a vague idea that they may some day be useful. . . . For the present, he is content to pursue his researches among curious and depraved characters. It is all presented with a sort of cold brutal candor and very considerable literary skill.

[*La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

L'Europe galante is marked by a perfect utilization of the author's gifts and a full consciousness of his limits. He knows that he is more an observer than a poet, more sociological than psychological, more a painter than an analyst, admirably equipped to sketch the social types of to-day which we all have before our eyes, and which he is one of the few authors who know how to distinguish; so he gives us this chronicle of *L'Europe galante* in which his skill as a guide, working on the matter and the environment that suit him best, is exercised without flagging. . . .

If it were necessary to conclude (provisionally), one might say that the true vocation of Morand is that of a memorialist abetted by a sociological moralist, rather than that of a story-teller. It is never his subjects which interest us, but what he teaches us about contemporary manners. He has on us the effect of a revealer. He teaches us to see the world which is about us. He is a showman of phenomena. And if he shows us the tares (with such a healthy man 's smile!), that is no excuse for calling his work pornographic. How could a biologist be pornographic? Morand does not paint perverts complacently: he paints species, varied types of vice. One can only smile at the expressions of indignation that have manifested themselves.

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Die Insel der grossen Mutter, oder das Wunder von Ile des Dames, by Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE reader who is familiar with the tendency of Gerhart Hauptmann's recent work will be surprised by *The Island of the Great Mother*. Beginning in somewhat the same style as Miss Rose Macaulay's *Orphan Island*, whose plot it superficially resembles for part of its course, the novel passes into the mysticism of Hauptmann's symbolical play, *Die Opferung*, to emerge finally into a light, hardly perceptible irony. The tale, briefly, is of a party of women wrecked on a desert island with only a young boy, Phaon, under their care. In the course of time an inexplicable maternity begins, and they persuade themselves that it is of mystical, divine origin. The population of the island grows, a matriarchal state is set up, Phaon is sent away — and the increase in population ceases. The story is daring, but it is carried through, not only with remarkable skill in characterization, but with a delicacy and deft humor that Hauptmann has rarely shown before.

Inland Far, a Book of Thoughts and Impressions, by Clifford Bax. London: Heinemann. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

WHEN Mr. Alec Waugh had tempted Mr. Bax to write, in early middle life, this book of personal memories, he warned him not to be 'too deciduous'; and Mr. Bax profited by his advice. There is nothing in the least deciduous about his recollection of the past: on the contrary, he presents his memories with robustness and good humor, with detachment, but with hardly a trace of irony. It is an attractive book to read for many reasons — for the even simplicity of its style, for its vivid presentations of certain unusual experiences, for its freedom from the trivialities that usually encumber autobiographies, for the engaging liveliness with which the author presents his friends, and for the ample sense of its having been composed throughout.

Charlotte de Belgique, Impératrice du Mexique, by the Countess de Reinach Foussemagne. Paris: Plon, 1925.

[*La Revue Universelle*]

THE life of the Empress Charlotte is one of the most tragic of modern times. Her happy marriage with Maximilian, the Empire in Mexico, the reverse, the fall, and the firing party at Querétaro, and then the long old age of the unhappy Empress, whose mind could not resist her sorrow — all this historic drama is told with feeling by the Countess de Reinach Foussemagne, who has had at her disposal a great number of unpublished letters and photographs which provide remarkable illustrations for the period of Maximilian's reign in Mexico. M. de la Gorce, the historian of the Second Empire, has provided an excellent introduction for the work.

What the League of Nations Is, by H. Wilson Harris. London: Allen and Unwin, 1925. 2*s*. 6*d*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. H. WILSON HARRIS knows his way about all the twists and turnings of Geneva, and he is a journalist trained in giving his knowledge readable and popular expression. In *What the League of Nations Is* he has described almost in pamphlet form the origins, structure, and work of the League. We know of no better short account of this vital subject. By spending a couple of hours with Mr. Wilson Harris anyone who begins from scratch can get a clear general idea of how the Assembly and the Council are composed and of what they do, of the functions of the Hague Court of International Justice and the International Labor Organization, of the Mandate system, and of the activities of the League in the Saar, Danzig, Austria, Hungary, and elsewhere. In short, one is taken all over the machinery for safeguarding peace and good relations between countries which has been evolved since the war. It is a book that will help to make real the long reports of the doings of the League which are regularly published in the press, and which presuppose such elementary knowledge in readers as Mr. Wilson Harris provides.

✽

NEW TRANSLATIONS

KLABUND. *Peter the Czar*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. $1.50.

KUPRIN, ALEXANDRE. *Gambrinus, and Other Stories*. New York: Adelphi Company, 1925. $2.00.

PIRANDELLO, LUIGI. *The Outcast*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925.

ROLLAND, ROMAIN. *The Soul Enchanted*, Volume II. Translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925. $2.50.

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. *Fräulein Else*. New York: Viking Press, 1925. $1.50.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

This page will cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

Christina Alberta's Father, by H. G. Wells. New York: Macmillan, 1925. $2.50.

FEW are privileged to taste the joys of laundryman and king in the span of a single life; yet Mr. Preemby made a brave effort which landed him, alas, in a lunatic asylum. Rare is the man who imagines that he was once Sargon, King of Kings, but rarer still is he who does not feel himself to be greater than his fellows imagine. The sympathy of the reader extends instinctively to Christina Alberta's father, whose pathetic gropings after a fuller life serve Mr. Wells as a framework for sociology and philosophy, religion and abundant humor. Here is a return to the earlier manner, enriched and enlarged by the experience of the years between.

The Great Pacific War, by Hector C. Bywater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. $2.50.

THIS book outlines the imaginary history of a war in the Pacific between Japan and the United States. The author disclaims any sinister motives; he simply sets down his ideas of the development and termination of the conflict. His grasp of the subject is profound, his skill in writing considerable. It is hard to imagine that such a book, even though written by an Englishman, will help to promote good feeling between this country and Japan. Nevertheless it is thoroughly readable and surprisingly sensible.

Along the Road, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran, 1925. $2.00.

THIS is not just another collection of those charming essays with which we are assaulted at such frequent intervals from across the Atlantic. Unlike other practitioners at this craft, Mr. Huxley takes pains to put into a fair proportion of his work in this field some of the same distinction and originality that we so often find in his novels and short stories. Almost any literate person can write a passable — even a readable — essay in the familiar vein, but this book does that sort of thing supremely well. The general theme is travel — we are escorted through modern Europe and treated to amusing glimpses of picture galleries, railway trains, fellow travelers, and native sons. A pleasant sense of ennui pervades every page. The author has given us good value for our money, and owes his success above all else to the fact that he knows how to write good English.

Skin for Skin, by Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. $2.00.

THE three Powys boys are getting to be quite a cult — John Cowper with his orations, T. F. with his novels, and Llewelyn with his essays and sketches. Here the last named gives us a partial autobiography, dwelling chiefly on his fight with tuberculosis. The great elemental forces of Nature are his stock-in-trade, and if you accuse him of striking these poses about the ravages of Love, Hunger, and Fear, he will admit all you say quite cheerfully. Of the three brothers, Llewelyn is the most articulate and the most human, and though *Black Laughter*, his book on Africa, remains his masterpiece, this one is in many ways as admirable. He expresses himself with great facility, and in a style that is all his own — and his two brothers'.

The Listener's Guide to Music, by Percy Scholes. New York: Oxford University Press, 1925. Boards, $1.20; cloth, $1.50.

EVERYONE who enjoys listening to good music and is frank enough to admit some ignorance of the subject will find that this little book is invaluable. Mr. Scholes describes all the instruments in the band and their various functions. He analyzes the technique of musical composition and gives a short chronological history of the great composers from Palestrina to Stravinski. The language is simple throughout, and there are numerous illustrations.

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* * *

With such contributors as John Galsworthy, Stuart P. Sherman, Henry van Dyke, William Lyon Phelps, Raymond Recouly, Mary R. S. Andrews, this number shines with great names.

* * *

With five short stories and the first chapters of a great new novel, there will be no magazine among the Christmas numbers to equal it in fiction.

* * *

With "Bread and Stones" by Carol Park and Stuart Sherman's "An Interview with a Newcomer in New York," it scintillates with satiric and amusing essays.

* * *

Thomas Boyd contributes an unusual story called "An Ohio Fable."

* * *

Mrs. Andrews's story is "Autumn Roses."

* * *

"Mrs. Arnold's Smile" is McCready Huston's story.

* * *

"West of Romance" is the attractive title of Margharite Fisher McLean's attractive story about real folks.

* * *

The November number's out now. If you have n't seen it, you ought to.

* * *

Read Edwin Grant Conklin's "Science and the Faith of the Modern";

* * *

"Lee and the Ladies" in which Douglas Freeman draws a charming portrait of General Robert E. Lee, the man, in contrast to Lee, the soldier.

* * *

Jesse Lynch Williams, popular playwright, confesses how "I Went to College"

* * *

Four remarkable stories — two with unique illustrations done by the authors themselves. They are "The Golden Calf" by Edward Shenton and "Monkey Meat" by John W. Thomason, Jr.

* * *

Essays of an unusual type — such as "Heartbreak Dance" by Mary Alice Barrows, supervisor of Public Dance Halls, San Francisco.

* * *

Get the November number now. Watch for the Christmas Scribner's Magazine.

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